

# The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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# Grandpa Hopewell Rides Again

THE PERSIAN

**E**VER since this magazine reported exclusively that Grandpa Hopewell, the flying-tractor expert of Guthrie County, Iowa, had gone to work for the War Department to make his high-octane apple cider as bomber fuel, we have tried constantly to get a report on his accomplishments. This is the first ray of light which censorship has permitted to fall over his war activities.

It was past V-J Day before they let Grandpa tell the Press anything he had been doing for the War Department. That was a memorable news conference. Grandpa Hopewell sat there beside a window that framed the Washington Monument. After every question he would glance at the admirals and generals and censors around him, and they would buzz among themselves and say, "Better not to answer that," or "Quite all right, Mr. Hopewell." Then he would twinkle his old blue eyes at us newsmen.

Someone asked him whether it was true the B-29's were using his high-octane apple cider for fuel. The censors wouldn't let him answer that, but he did say that the Hopewell apple-cider bomb had finally been abandoned as too destructive, too horrible, and the atomic bomb used instead.

But the statement which most interested some of us was one that was cut off in the middle. Grandpa Hopewell was explaining something, and remarked casually, "Now, when I was in Persia—". The generals and admirals looked alarmed, the censors twittered a little, some stooge said, "Thank you, Grandpa Hopewell," and the conference ended right there. But "when I was in Persia" kept sticking out of my notebook. We got our Iranian office working on the case, and they cabled that practically everybody in Iran remembered Grandpa.

From there the trail led back to Washington. We went over all the documents and quizzed everybody we could, including Grandpa Hopewell's daughters Minnie and Martha, back in Guthrie County, Iowa. And finally the whole incredible story began to emerge, from the moment Grandpa made a bad buy and got a good idea, until he developed it into one of his most signal contributions to our war plans.

The story of Grandpa Hopewell's dealings with Iran begins with a meeting in a windowless, soundproof room in Washington. That is the official story; the real story, as you will see, begins earlier. But the War Department's records on the case begin with this meeting. Here is a report of approximately what seems to have been said at the historic session when Grandpa's trip to Iran was planned.

"I want to go to Persia," said Grandpa Hopewell. That was the great moment. That was the beginning of our modern relations with the Near East.

"Why go to Persia when you can go to Bagdad?" said the representative of the Office of Strategic Services.

"It isn't what it's cracked up to be," said

the representative of the Transport Command. "Why not just see the dancers at Radio City?"

"I'm just a country boy from Guthrie County, Iowa," said Grandpa Hopewell. "You fellows might laugh if I tried to tell you what I was working on."

"Mark this conversation Top Secret," said G-2.

"I can't promise I'll come back with the world by the tail," said Grandpa Hopewell. "But I can say this: I am working on something fundamental. It will give us something to put our feet on. It will be at the bottom of things. It will underlie every step we take."

"Is this trip necessary?" asked someone. "Anybody who went to Iran, of course, would need a diplomatic adviser," said the Department of State.

"And a bodyguard and public relations adviser. The possibilities are tremendous."

"Well, I'll be seeing you," said Grandpa Hopewell.

And so it was that, two weeks after this memorable and secret session, Grandpa's flowing white beard was seen at the window of an Army transport circling in for a landing among the blue peaks of Iran.

The plane's passenger list included three other names of Government interest—Mr. Mullins, of the Secret Service; Mr. Shadwell, of the State Department; and Major Dikeham, Public Relations Office. Seen from the windows, they appeared to be three unhappy gentlemen. This was partly because Grandpa

called them Winken, Blinken, and Nod, and expressed his intention of leaving them behind as soon as possible, but each had his own private reason also. Mr. Mullins was slightly unwell. Major Dikeham was frustrated after an hour of trying to get a statement from Grandpa for release to the Iranian papers on arrival. The conversation had gone on like this:

Dikeham: "Will you give me a statement for publication concerning your impression of those magnificent mountains below us? Aren't they simply tremendous?"

Hopewell: "Winken, that farm land isn't worth seventy-five cents an acre."

Dikeham: "But wouldn't it be good land if it just had water?"

Hopewell: "So would hell!"

As for Mr. Shadwell, he was depressed after two hours of trying to teach Grandpa the niceties of diplomatic language. Finally Grandpa had summed up all his learning in one sentence.

"I see what you mean, Nod," he had said. "There isn't anything to this diplomatic talk. You just want me to talk the way I would to the banker with the preacher listening."

Then he had turned back to watch the mountains roll past like breakers underneath the plane.

"Look here, Mr. Hopewell," said Major Dikeham with a note of desperation in his voice. "Has it occurred to you that we don't even know the purpose of this trip?"

Please turn to page 4

**By WILBUR SCHRAMM**



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## Grandpa Hopewell Rides Again

Continued from page 3

WITH a bland smile, Grandpa said, "I don't believe you want to know what I'm after."

"You ought at least tell your public relations adviser," said Dikeham, deeply hurt.

"And your diplomatic counselor," said Shadwell. There was a slight pause while they waited for Mullins to express himself, but Mullins gave only a soft groan.

"O.K.," said Grandpa. "I'll tell you. It's a long story. Get me a jug of that apple cider from the back compartment."

"Goodness, I thought all those jugs were extra fuel," said Mr. Shadwell.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Grandpa. "I'll tell you. It's a long story. Get me a jug of that apple cider from the back compartment."

"Once a dark little fellow came around to the front door and wanted to sell me and Oriental kind of rug. He said it was a special bargain because it was a flying carpet. After I'd bought it, my daughters Minnie and Martha and everybody around laughed themselves sick, because I'd been taken in. They said the fellow was a city slicker, and I was an old fool and needed a guardian."

"But he wasn't any slicker. This little fellow may not have known any better, but he really believed it was a flying carpet. I don't know what happened to the rug now," chuckled Grandpa. "But ever since then I've wanted to look into this flying-carpet business and see whether they really could fly. And now, when we're fighting an air war—"

The silence in the plane was thick enough to slice into little pieces of birthday cake.

"I say, old fellow, you don't really mean this?" gasped Mr. Shadwell.

"Public relations for a flying-carpet aviator!" said Major Dikeham.

Mr. Mullins gave an eloquent moan.

"Fasten your belts," said Grandpa. "We're landing."

But even when you know all those secrets, still only certain carpets will fly. Maybe one out of a thousand. All the wise men agreed on that. There is a certain way of putting the warp and wool together that makes a carpet potentially flyable, and you can't recognize it until you see it once and know what it is.

And then something else, Grandpa said. "You've got to believe in it. Too many people don't think they have to believe in anything to-day."

And when he had learned so much, he came down from the hills and began to sit on carpets. He sat on carpets all over Iran. From one shop to the next he would go, sitting on one rug after another, crossing his toes, mumbling to himself.

And then one day Grandpa Hopewell felt a sensation which had never come to an American before him. He felt a rug undulate beneath him as though it were a living thing. He looked carefully at the way the warp and wool were put together. Another time, a rug stirred slightly off the floor, turned half round, and settled with a soft bump.

The salesman was looking the other way, and at first Grandpa thought he might have fallen asleep and been dreaming. But now he tramped from shop to shop looking for a certain kind of carpet, a certain angle of warp to wool. And one day he sat down on a four-by-six Kirman carpet, got in just the right position, crossed his toes, mumbled the right sentences, and floated from the shop with the proprietor screaming in pursuit.

Grandpa loaded some jugs on a nine-by-twelve Saruk and flew up into the hills to practise. He offered to take Mr. Mullins, but Mullins preferred to go by mule.

He offered to teach Mullins to fly a

that he trusted his truthfulness would not be questioned, nor would he be suspected of having quaffed any of the cider. The shah kept the cider to himself, he said, except what he shared with Grandpa, who talked, he admitted, glowingly about Iowa.

"Yowah," marvelled the shah, "is a wonderful country, and I would give a hundred water buffaloes for a piece of it."

"Give him the official greetings of the President and the Secretary of State," whispered Mr. Shadwell.

"You're sure this man is not disturbing you?" asked the shah.

"I have a favor to ask you," said Grandpa.

"Ask and it shall be granted," said the shah.

Grandpa stated his mission.

"Perhaps I could arrange to have you see the Indian rope trick," suggested the shah.

Grandpa declined.

The shah shook his head sadly. "Then I fear that you may have come in vain," he said. "My grandfather told me about the flying carpet, and my nurse read me stories about it. But I have never seen one."

"I had set my heart," said Grandpa, "on seeing how a flying carpet flew."

"Then the only place to go is the hills," said the shah. "The old wise men of the hills will know the secret, if it exists. Go with my blessing, and come back and tell me what you learn."

The full story of what Grandpa learned from the wise men of the hills will have to wait until the Office of Scientific Research and Development releases his official report to them. But we know that he tramped round Iran picking up a fact here, a fact there, a family secret in Shiraz, a bit of carpet lore from Khorasan, a story of ancient times from Tabriz. And as he put the puzzle together certain things became clearer to him.

Some of the pictures were wire-photographed to the States. Minnie and Martha saw one of the pictures. They couldn't recognise the face, because it was blurry and too far away, but there was something about the beard.

"Reminds me," said Minnie, "we'd better send Grandpa his red flannels and some more of his rheumatix medicine."

Grandpa flew down to the shah's country palace, and was guest of honor at a farewell banquet which was featured by twenty-nine elaborate courses and twenty-nine toasts drunk in Guthrie County apple cider. After the twenty-ninth toast, Grandpa climbed on a lovely little three-by-five carpet and put on an exhibition for the guests. Then the shah himself climbed on a six-by-eight behind Grandpa, and they flew for a long time over the kingdom by moonlight.

The shah was deeply moved.

"You must stay," he said. "We will build you a palace."

"Your honor, I can't," said Grandpa. "I've got to go and see what mischief the War Department has got into in my absence, and as soon as they'll let me I've got to get home to Iowa."

"We will be friends," said the shah. "Iran and Yowah."

Next morning, Grandpa had an urgent message to report at Teheran before going home. He found the roads full of military cars, the city ringed by guards.

"What's this?" he asked an M.P.

"Guests. Big stuff," said the soldier.

"Hm?" asked Grandpa Hopewell.

"Them!" said the soldier.

In Teheran, Grandpa Hopewell was ushered into a building marked American Staff Only, and to a room marked Secret Only, and there was the same committee which had met when he announced he was going to Iran. There, too, were Mr. Shadwell and Major Dikeham, looking accusingly at him.

carpet, too, but the big fellow shook like a leaf.

Grandpa chuckled and took a practice flight up round Mount Ararat, trying to guess where Noun landed his Ark. Flying was easy, now that he knew how.

One Friday, Grandpa packed up two K rations and three jugs, flew over the mountains, and spent the week-end in Bagdad. It was on that trip that he first encountered the British Army.

British anti-aircraft troops guarding the oil pipeline reported that they fired on an unidentified aircraft about two thousand feet high, and headed in the direction of Bagdad. The aircraft was flat, and seemed to have no propeller. It dropped no bombs, but, so help them, a man with a white beard leaned over the side of the aircraft and saluted them.

That was but one of many carpet tales circulating through the Near East. Many a native looked up from the goat he was milking, rubbed his eyes and called his wife and children to tell him whether they saw what he saw.

In Isfahan two British ladies were drinking tea when they saw something, or thought they saw something, hovering over a nearby cafe. They wrote an article about it for the London Times, beginning, "Ah, quaint, quaint Iran!" American soldiers unloading Lend-Lease supplies from grey Liberty ships gasped and said, "So it's true, after all." And photographers pointed their cameras at what they thought was a mirage, then shouted to one another in the dark-room, "Hey, that mirage photographed!"

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — June 29, 1946



# FOR LOVE OF LOVE

By MONICA EWER

HE pounded across the airfield, his suitcase hitting his legs as he caught up with the car and jumped on the running-board.

"You going to the station, Veronica?"

The blonde Waaf at the wheel looked at him coldly. "Yes. I'm fetching a high-up. I'd forgotten you were going on leave, Tony."

He felt humbled and confused. Had it not been too difficult to explain to his mother he would have willingly forgone his leave. While he was away Stephen Airle would have a clear field, and Stephen was too good looking, too well off, and had too many rings round his cuff. It didn't give a chance to an ordinary chap, with an ordinary face and only one ring.

"I'll be back for your birthday," he said eagerly. "I'll come back specially."

"Stephen is throwing a party for me. You're invited."

Stephen could afford to throw a party, but Tony was going to give her a birthday present that she herself had admired in the window of the local pawnbroker's. He had already paid a deposit to have it kept for him. At the moment it was wildly beyond his means, but surely money could be found in a whole fortnight's leave.

"Where are you going?" she said. "Home."

He saw it in his mind's eye as he had seen it so many Septembers as a boy. The great round baskets of fruit, the pickers' sweaty and tired and tanned, and at the day's end the baskets being weighed and the money jangling in the pickers' pockets. It was that memory of the fruit pickers that told him what he had to do when he reached home next day.

"You won't mind me going off, will you, mother?" he asked, the morning after he arrived home. "You see, she's the girl."

His mother smiled and asked him a queer question. "Will I love her, too, Tony?"

He couldn't answer it quite honestly. Veronica was loveliness and glamor and poetry—he couldn't imagine her getting meals and making beds and darning socks.

"She's lovely," he said, in a hushed voice.

"Sounds like a pin-up girl to me," said his mother and laughed as if it were funny.

He was glad to hurry away across the fields that led to Hendrick's orchards. There wasn't a moment to be lost when you remembered that you would be paid piece rates and that you had to earn six pounds in the next two weeks.

Suddenly from one of the trees came a scream, and looking up through the branches Tony saw a girl on the top of a ladder and she was sucking her finger.

"A wasp!" she said. "That's the third to-day. And it isn't as if I had rheumatism—or is it only bee stings that are good for that?"

He looked at her without answering because he was thinking that she looked just like any other girl, she had brown eyes, and a floppy wide-brimmed hat over her brown hair. His mind went back to Veronica, who had hair as golden as his mother's wedding ring, and eyes as blue as the willow pattern plates on the kitchen dresser.

The girl up in the tree sucked her finger and said, "Are you coming up?"

"No. I'll do the next one. I've got to get cracking."

"Who are you and what's the extra hurry?"

"My name is Tony Marvell and the hurry is that I want to get rich quick."

"Marvell?" For a moment the girl peered down in his direction. "There's a Mrs. Marvell in the village. Her boy is in the Air Force. He was coming home on leave."

"That's me."

He nodded and moved away and found a ladder and started to pick industriously.

He forgot the girl in the other tree, he did not notice when she moved her ladder, he did not hear the occasional crackling of the branches nor the soft fall of rotten fruit on the grass of the orchard. He thought about Veronica.

A shout from the other tree interrupted his thoughts.

"Ten minutes' break for tea or I'll die of picker's cramp," she called.

"I'm coming down."

"I daren't stop," he called back.

She was down now, looking up at him, laughing. "You pick much quicker if you have a break. Mrs. Hendrick gave me an enormous slice of cake. Let's share it."

It was tempting. It would be nice to stop for ten minutes. He alighted down the ladder.

She led the way to the bank, and there was a thermos of tea and a parcel done up in white paper. She flopped down and patted the grass.

"Come on," she said. "I'll drink out of the cup and you can have the thermos because I always dribble it down my chin. I guess you have to be born on the land to be able to drink neatly out of a bottle."

TONY laughed. "I was born on the land. Where were you born?"

"London. I'm having a holiday helping pick fruit. Why are you working when you're on leave?"

"Make money," he said shortly.

She undid the white parcel that lay between them. There were two substantial scones, two sandwiches, and two large slices of cake. She laughed as she looked at it. "I know I eat hearty, but Mrs. Hendrick thinks I'm twins. Go on telling me about the money."

"Telling you what?" he said, and took one of the scones.

"Well, don't they pay you in the Air Force?"

"This is special money."

She laughed, showing her even white teeth. "I know. You're going to be married, and you want to buy furniture."

"Well, not exactly—"

"You're engaged and you want to buy the ring?"

"That's it. At least we're not engaged yet, but—"

"But you will be when she sees the ring."

"I don't know," he said.

After all, there was no good reason why Veronica should marry him. He hadn't anything to offer. He was just a very ordinary chap with no money. If she married Stephen Airle she would never have to do any of the things he could not imagine her doing.

The girl was silent too. She had thrown herself back and lay against the bank. She was looking at the sky.

"She'll have you," she said dreamily. "I feel it in my bones."

He wondered suddenly how it was that he was discussing this matter at all with this girl. It had all happened by mistake.

"What's her name?" she asked.

"Veronica," he said, and his tone was hushed.

"Veronica," she echoed. "Is she lovely?"

"Lovely."

She sighed contentedly. "I'm so glad. Things that war doesn't change—the beauty of England—the beauty of women—and the beauty of words." She paused and asked: "What like?"

"Golden," he said, rather hoarsely. "Is she not pure gold, my mistress?" she quoted softly.

"Who said that?"

"Browning." She sat up, and said, "How much does this ring cost?"

"It's in a pawnbroker's. I gave the man a quid to keep it for me. It was six pounds cash down, but seven if he kept it. Of course, Stephen Airle could buy her the earth."

"Yes, but she doesn't love him, does she?" she countered quickly. "He's big and black and beetle-browed." Tony gasped a little at this curious picture of Stephen Airle, but before he could speak she added:

"We're going to pick enough to get that six pounds and beat that Stephen person if it kills us."

"What do you mean—we?"

"Well, I'm in on this," she said. "I'm for you and Veronica. What I mean is that I'm here for a holiday and to do my bit—and I must pick enough first to show I've done a day's work, but everything over that can go for Veronica the beautiful."

"It can't," he said angrily. "You're crackers. This is my show."

"You've got to let me in on it—please."

"Why?"

"For love of love. I want to enjoy the happy ending."

He looked at her bewilderedly. "What's your name?" he asked, as if that would help.

"It's a plain name," she said. "I was christened Bridget, but everyone calls me Biddy."

"I was christened Anthony, but everyone calls me Tony."

She got to her feet and held out a hand to help him up. "Come on, Tony. I've filled ten baskets to-day. The next one is for Veronica."

"But you can't do this—"

"I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for her, so that she can marry the man she loves."

"Maybe I'm not the man she loves."

"Don't be silly. Of course you are. Buck up. Got to pick another basket before it gets too dark."

Up the ladder, amid the golden fruit, he thought that this was all wrong. He hadn't meant to tell anyone about Veronica, only, of course, he had had to explain to Mum about his wanting to go to work on leave.

They both took it for granted that Veronica was his girl, whereas he knew quite well that she wasn't. At least not yet. He'd have to do a lot of things before he could win Veronica. She wasn't the kind that could be had for the asking. All the boys on the airfield were crazy about her, and she just smiled at everybody, and went out with everybody, and was very nice to everybody.

They were the last to knock off work and it was almost dark when they carried their baskets up to the barn where they would be checked in the morning. Biddy stood counting hers and finally brought one over to put with his.

"That's Veronica's," she said.

"I say, you can't do that—" He was angry.

She gave him a wide grin. "It's my wedding present for a lovely girl. It's nothing to do with you."

"But why on earth should you?" he insisted. "You've never even met her."

She threw back her head and laughed—a good, hearty laugh that was warm music in the old barn. When Veronica laughed you thought of silver bells and all sorts of poetic things. When this girl laughed you just thought that something must be awfully funny.

He looked ruefully at the basket of plump greenpeas. "Why should you?" he repeated.

She laughed again, but this time softly, confidentially. "I like to think that maybe some day someone would do the same for me."

She was thinking of some man, he supposed. He wondered what sort of a man. There were plenty that liked them like Biddy—both



"Who are you, and what's the extra hurry?" she called to him, and prepared to come down the ladder.

feet on the earth and a ready laugh and sort of companionable.

"Good-night," she said suddenly. "Mrs. Hendrick will be awaiting supper."

"Good-night." Almost against his will he added, "Thank you."

He swung down the road to his mother's house. She, too, was awaiting supper. "How'd it go?" she asked, bustling round with the dishes. She was a brisk, cheerful woman, who all her widowhood had managed excellently on a most inadequate income.

"There was a girl up there," he said and stopped. "She says she knows you."

"Biddy Trent? She's staying with the Hendricks. They say she's very clever. Holds down quite a big job up in London. Seems a nice, unaffected sort of girl."

Tony made the sort of noise that might mean anything. He supposed his mother was right. Biddy was the kind of girl who would make a

marvellous wife for the kind of fellow who didn't want any moonshine. She'd be just the girl for a fellow with a farm, just the girl for the sort of fellow he'd been before he met Veronica. Only now he'd have to put all ideas of farming out of his head. He'd have to tell Uncle Fred it couldn't be done. Veronica was a mink-and-orchids girl, and he'd have to find a postwar job with a proper pay packet.

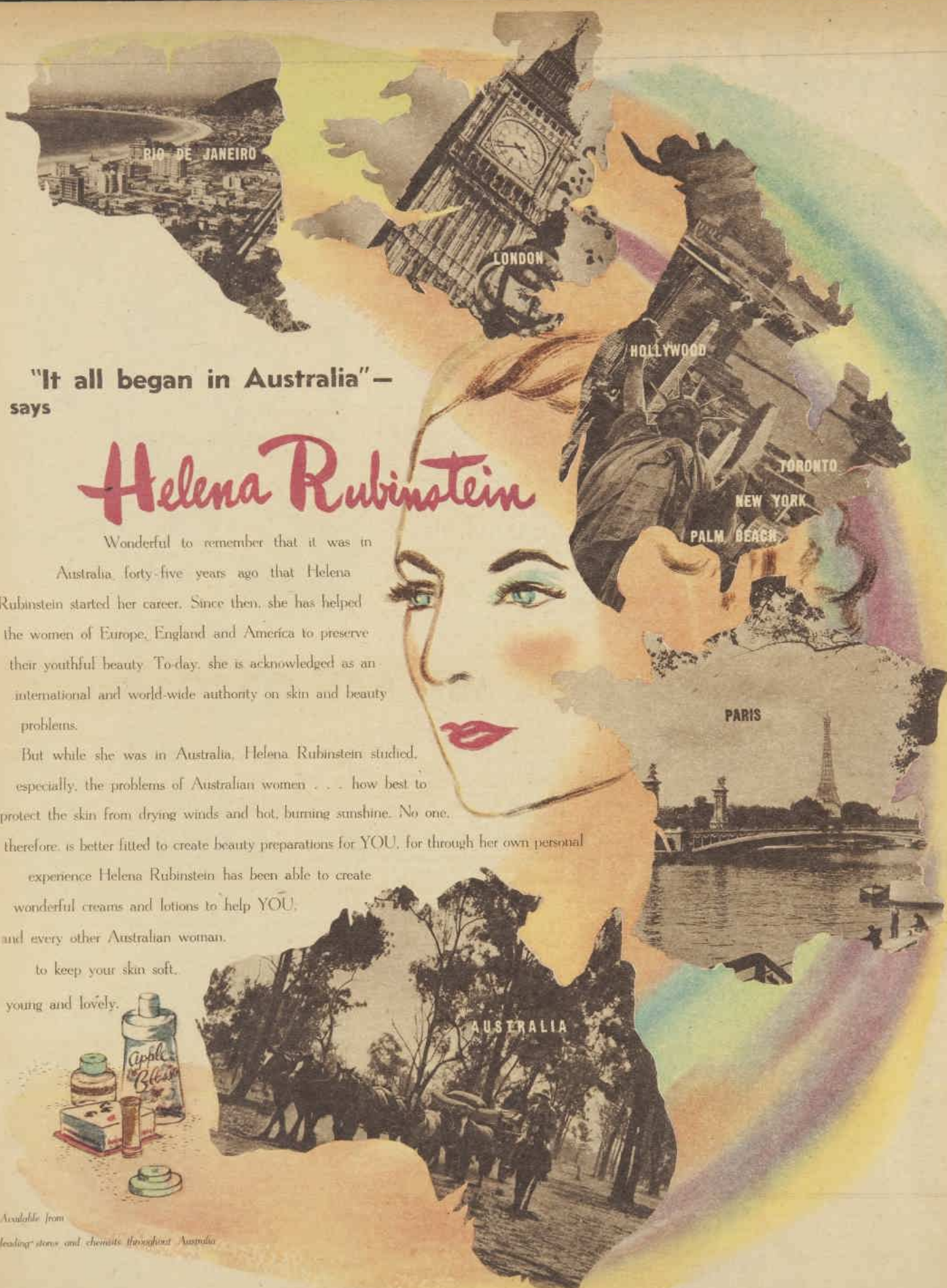
Next day Biddy seemed to take it as a matter of course that they should eat their lunch together under the hedge. This time he was as well provided as she was, and he was able to offer her a slice of his mother's pork pie, locally renowned.

"Delicious," she said, biting into it with hearty enjoyment. "I love my food, don't you?"

He hoped that she saw that he disapproved. That wasn't the way a girl should talk. "It's different for a man," he mumbled.

Please turn to page 25





"It all began in Australia"—  
says

## Helena Rubinstein

Wonderful to remember that it was in Australia, forty-five years ago that Helena Rubinstein started her career. Since then, she has helped the women of Europe, England and America to preserve their youthful beauty. To-day, she is acknowledged as an international and world-wide authority on skin and beauty problems.

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"How did that get here?"  
Mrs. Ballard said thoughtfully.

# THE EMERALD BRACELET

By HAROLD GOLDMAN

**J**ONATHAN, Mrs. Albert's chauffeur, turned into a side street from Fifth Avenue and pulled up against the kerb. He would have about an hour's wait, he figured, while his lady was visiting the finer shops in that vicinity. Then he would pick her up and drive her, as usual, to the Plaza, where apparently she had a daily cocktail appointment.

They would get home at about six-thirty, and unless the Alberts were going out in the evening, which was most rare, or unless he had to call for Mr. Albert at the office where he sometimes worked at night, Jonathan would have nothing to do from then on.

This routine made up the greater part of his days; a little driving, much leisure during the afternoon itinerary, and most evenings to himself.

It was a good job, easy and well paid, even for these post-war days when personal services were sky-high. But the Alberts were rich, and Jonathan was one of their deepest necessities. He hadn't been with them long, having come over recently from England, where, for some reason they never quite understood, he had been declared unfit for war services.

Mrs. Albert wondered about this one evening to Mr. Ballard, who was visiting her, and whose accent, Mrs. Albert declared, was exactly like that of her precious chauffeur, pure Oxonian.

"Don't remember him from school," laughed Mr. Ballard, who had been educated in England, "but I'd like to have a look at him sometime. Sounds interesting." This was an evening when Mr. Albert had been detained at his office. Mr. Ballard had just happened to drop in as he did quite frequently—especially when Mr. Albert would be detained at his office.

Jonathan was parked, as usual, right by the private street entrance to Dumont & Sons, the finest jewel-

lers in New York. This little side entrance looked almost like the servants' doorway to a modest residence, but Jonathan knew that through these portals passed the gigantic operators whose transactions with Dumont & Sons were world famous.

Here the gems from American and foreign brokers would be shown and delivered; here the other well-known jewellers would leave scores of pieces on memo when Dumont & Sons didn't have exactly the thing some wealthy customer was seeking. Here the big deals were made. The Fifth Avenue entrance was, at its very best, only magnificently retail.

Jonathan noticed a well-dressed man walking up the little flight of steps and through the doorway. The man was Mr. James Ballard, whose face was familiar to Jonathan not only through the newspapers, but because he had once caught a glimpse of him as he was leaving the house after a visit with Mrs. Albert. Mr. Ballard had not noticed Mrs. Albert's chauffeur particularly. As a matter of fact, he seemed very much interested in not noticing or being noticed by anybody as he got into his own car and drove off.

To-day, Jonathan idly watched Mr. Ballard as he entered the shabby little portico. After the door closed, he wondered. That was an odd entrance for Mr. Ballard to use. He wasn't in the jewellery business, had no connection with it. If he merely came in to buy, why had he not entered from the Fifth Avenue side?

Jonathan pondered. He loved little puzzles, problems in which there was some slight discrepancy but which good thinking could solve without further evidence. And he had a full hour for himself, anyway. What else was there to do? Poe, he had been told, had once

solved a baffling mystery by merely reading the newspaper accounts. Well, he, Jonathan, would try to solve this one without even a newspaper.

Maybe he knew one of the Dumonts. This could be a social visit. But a man like Mr. Ballard just doesn't make social visits to other businessmen in the middle of the afternoon. What were the other possibilities?

After half an hour of the most intense kind of deductive reasoning, Jonathan took his head out of his hands and confessed that it was pretty simple. Mr. Ballard had come in to buy something, but he didn't want to be too open about it.

Jonathan happened to know of another matter Mr. Ballard was not too open about, and this probably

What was so strange about a man going into the side entrance of a jewellery store, coming out and looking into the windows? Nothing, to most of us. But Jonathan was a specialist in behaviourism. His career had been founded on very acute observance of it, and what would have satisfied most people did not satisfy Jonathan—especially when a jewellery store was involved.

To make it perfectly clear, Jonathan had been one of the best crooks in London before war conditions had taken the bloom off his calling. And now that he had got himself smuggled out of England, he was biding his time as a chauffeur until something really sweet should turn up.

Jonathan had often observed the habits of purchasers and had found that a person who had just bought something did not immediately thereafter look into windows of that same shop.

The reason for that was a little obscure, but Jonathan thought it might be a sense of finality or completion that kept one from mooching round again in the same fields. Therefore, he was willing to assume that Mr. Ballard had not actually bought anything yet at Dumont & Sons. He probably hadn't even ordered anything. But he must have been looking.

Now he was getting somewhere. Mr. Dumont probably—he'd find out about that—had shown him a number of things, and Mr. Ballard hadn't chosen anything. If Jonathan was right so far then he knew exactly what to do next. He had done it before with great success.

The beauty of it was that he could check on this fact without involving himself in the slightest. You can't arrest a voice over a telephone from a pay station. And the equipment

he needed was of the simplest. No nitroglycerine, no skeleton keys, no sandpaper for his fingertips. Just a couple of nickels would do the trick. He felt round in his change pocket and came up with exactly two nickels. The fates were already on his side.

He walked to a drugstore on the corner of Madison, looked up the number of Dumont and Sons, entered a booth and dialled it. "This is Mr. Ballard's office," he said. There was no trace of Oxonian in his voice now. He spoke with a clerk's voice, in a New York accent. It wasn't that his Oxonian accent wasn't authentic. It was. But so was his Brooklyn and Swedish and Hungarian. Indeed, he was a specialist in accents. "Could you tell me," he said, "whether Mr. Ballard has left there yet?"

"Just a minute," said the girl. "He was with Mr. Dumont." That was what he wanted to know. It had come quite easily. "Sorry, he's already left," said the girl. "About five minutes ago."

"Thank you," said Jonathan politely.

So far, so good. That was the first nickel. He waited in the booth another five minutes. Then he used the second nickel—and his voice was right out of Oxford again.

"Dumont & Sons?" he said. "This is Mr. Ballard. I wonder if I could talk to Mr. Dumont." There was a moment's pause while the connection was made. "Mr. Dumont?" he said. "This is Mr. Ballard again."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Ballard!"

"Some of those things I was looking at," said Jonathan. "Would you be good enough to send them over to my office? I'd like to sort of stay with them for a while—make up my mind." This was the big step. If there was the slightest note of hesitation or misunderstanding in Mr. Dumont's voice, he'd hang up immediately. Total loss: two nickels.

"The emerald bracelet?" Mr. Dumont said immediately. "That's the one you mean, I imagine. I wouldn't want to suggest any of the others. They weren't quite what you wanted."

"I would like to see them all again," said Jonathan plaintively. He didn't want to talk too much. After all, an accent was only an accent.

"I wouldn't let you decide on anything else," said Mr. Dumont firmly. "That's the finest value we have." Jonathan recognised the super-salesmanship of not giving a man a choice. And how much did you say it would come to? he asked.

Please turn to page 30

**Fate, in prankish mood, delivered the gift to its rightful owner.**

tied in with it somehow. Furthermore, a man like Mr. Ballard would not be handled by a clerk or a manager. Mr. Dumont or his sons would be taking care of Mr. Ballard. Therefore, the side entrance.

And then Mr. Ballard came out. He looked up and down the street, then turned toward Fifth Avenue. Jonathan watched him, a puzzled look in his eyes. For Mr. Ballard was peering at the window displays of Dumont & Sons that were on the side street. And through the doubled glass of the corner window, Jonathan could see that he was doing the same thing on the Fifth Avenue front.

Well, now, here was a new factor. After coming out of a "House of Jewels," he was looking in the windows. Why would a man do that? Of course, one might say that this was idle speculation at its idlest,





## *A marriage has been arranged . . .*

It's purely incidental that she's ravishingly lovely, dances divinely, is positively *recherché* in her choice of clothes. . . . What really counts when a bachelor is arriving at his most momentous decision are attributes that proclaim her housewifely qualities. Her preference for Ausmill Towels, for instance—proof of a wise shopper. For even a mere male knows that Ausmills are very good towels, can appreciate their absorbent thirst, inwoven sturdiness and man-sized bigness. But she buys Ausmills because only the best Australian cotton is woven into their pile to make it so deep and so springy—because her skin loves their downy-soft softness. And the fadeless Ausmill colours, woven into boldly designed stripes and patterns, or rollicking florals and fancies, are a delight that both enjoy.

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Page 8



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The Australian Women's Weekly — June 28, 1946



# Land of the TORREONES

By . . .

**C. BUDINGTON  
KELLAND**

**M**IKE BRONSON, young archaeologist, is to lead an expedition in search of the precious mineral molybdenite, discovered in the wild country of the Torreones by BIG-NOSE KELLY, an old prospector.

MR. HOBBS, president of the International Copper Company, arranges to finance this and to go along with his beautiful daughter KELSEY, who is openly hostile to Bronson.

At the last moment Kelly, the guide, disappears, and they suspect he has been kidnapped by PETE SKILLMAN'S men, from the rival Potosi company.

They plan to go ahead without him, trying to beat Skillman to the deposit, and travel to their starting point at Gallup. Crusty old LINK POVAH is to replace Kelly.

An attack on Bronson is thwarted by monocled Englishman RUPERT CAVENDISH, otherwise the LIMEY, who wishes to join the party.

At night Kelsey sees a store being looted of supplies by about ten men, and sees the Limey directing them. Now read on.

**A**T night the air was crisp. Kelsey snuggled into her bedroll and peered up at the stars and the broad pathway of the Milky Way, and they seemed very close to her.

The expedition had been trudging three days on the road now. Kelsey with her father and Mike heading the little string of vehicles, Povah, with the horses, following slowly in the wake of the main expedition. In the past two days they had left the main highway to follow routes that grew steadily rougher and wilder.

But even two days' jolting in the car had refreshed her. Her resentment against Mike Bronson had abated a little because, somehow, he seemed indigenous to this environment, suited to it, his lack of suavity natural to it.

She was even pleased—inordinately pleased for so small a matter—that the Limey had been permitted to have his way, Mike having finally agreed to let him accompany them. He had become, not Rupert Cavendish, but the Limey.

None of the men named him by any other name, and, even in the short space of the journey, it had become natural to them all. The Englishman accepted it without resentment.

Kelsey was glad he was part of the expedition for two reasons, possibly three. In the first place, he was utterly indifferent to her; in the second place, he amused her; and in the third and perhaps the most important place, he interested and puzzled her as a mystery.

She would not have taken her oath before a jury that the Limey had supervised the looting of that little grocery store on the outskirts of Gallup, but in her own mind she was sure of her identification. She was certain that the glint of light had been the reflection from a monocle. He was, therefore, something to puzzle over, and privately, for she had not related what she had seen even to her father.

Even in archaeology she found an interest; also in the technical talk between her father and Mike about molybdenite, and the possibility of its being discovered in a deposit which it would pay to work for that mineral alone. Subjects aroused her interest which never would have been able to compel her to listen in a luxurious room in a city.

She peered up again at the stars, smiling softly, then her eyes closed and she slept dreamlessly.



She was awakened by the clanging of a spoon against a pan. It was dark. She glanced at the luminous dial of her wrist-watch and found it to be four o'clock. But the coffee sent an urgent invitation to her nose, and the odor of bacon made the morning beautiful.

Never before had she made so sketchy and primitive a toilet. It consisted of pulling on her boots and dabbing her face and hands sparingly in icy water. The warmth of the fire was welcome, and breakfast was not a mere incident, but a necessary and enjoyed meal. Coffee and biscuits and bacon and eggs. Never before had Kelsey devoted herself so single-mindedly to the business of eating. The Limey surveyed her.

"Eccentric hour, what?" he asked. "I like it," Kelsey said. "But is it habit or necessity?"

"We use the daylight," said Mike, as if that explained all about it and she saw that it was true. Daylight was important. They must be ready to use all of it, because when it failed activity must end.

"When," she asked, "may we expect Mr. Povah and the horses?"

"Probably to-night," Mike said. "We're in Arizona now. To-morrow we drive due north, and then swing north-west round Canyon de Chelly. We then send the cars back and take to the wagon and our horses."

Suddenly the golden sun lifted itself above the rim of the mountain bowl. The landscape seemed to sing. Rough and frightening as its jagged contours were, there was, nevertheless, the peace of solitude, the contentment of remoteness.

Cavendish had ridden on the truck, spick-and-span in his mail-order cowboy outfit, his monocle emitting

*The horses strained and lathered up the steep incline. Underfoot was rock, uneven but solid.*

semaphore gleams. He had even found time and means to shave. Mr. Hobbs, whose habit it was to be meticulously groomed, allowed the stubble to remain on his chin, and had a generally tumbled look. Mike Bronson, of the three men, seemed somehow to have improved.

No razor had touched his face, and so far as Kelsey had been able to detect he had made no effort to improve his appearance, but the farther they moved from civilisation the more he seemed to fit the environment. Cavendish was completely exotic; Hobbs had a misplaced look; Mike Bronson seemed to be coming into his own. He chose that morning to ride in the front seat of the car beside the driver.

Hobbs was frowning as he sat

with his back against the seat, peering over the pastel-tinted vastness.

"A penny," said Kelsey.

"In another twenty-four hours," her father said, "we leave motors and tyres and carburettors and petrol behind."

"I'm looking forward to it," Kelsey said eagerly.

"What I was thinking about," her father said, "is that for a millennium men have been racking their brains to devise and invent. And in a few hours we cut ourselves loose from all of it. In a few hours a man can cross a spot in the map and leave the sum total of human accomplishment behind him."

Please turn to page 31



## DRY, LIFELESS HAIR?



Dry Scalp, Lifeless Hair is a warning



help nature give you good-looking hair!



YOUR HAIR WARNS YOU when Nature fails to supply enough natural scalp oils. It loses its lustre. Looks dry and lifeless. To check Dry Scalp, give both scalp and hair the help they need, supplement natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind with just five drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic a day.

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Yardley English Lavender, 3/5-17/3  
Yardley English Lavender Soap (10g. tablets), 1/10



## Yardley

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## Grandpa Hopewell Rides Again

Continued from page 4

THE presiding general said, "We will come to order. You all understand that the proceedings of this body are highly secret and off the record."

"What are you fellows doing here?" asked Grandpa Hopewell, and then questions were literally hurled at him.

"Why didn't you tell us you were going to Iran? And what's this about the shah of Iran wanting to sign a treaty with the kingdom of Yowah? And what's all this cock-and-bull stuff about magic carpets? Was that what you meant when you said you were working on something fundamental?" said G-3.

"I don't know how to tell you," said Grandpa. "But it's true. I found it. I've found the flying carpet."

"You see what we mean?" said Mr. Shadwell to the committee.

"Don't you understand what it can do for us?" said Grandpa, stumbling over some of the words in his earnestness. "High-octane apple cider is the best fuel you have, but a carpet doesn't take any fuel. A jet plane doesn't make much noise, but a carpet doesn't make any. A B-Twenty-nine costs a half million,

Russian. A wing of B-17's roared overhead, and a flight of British Spitfires sleek as needles, and some Russian Stormoviks tough as nails and used to slugging it out with tanks and ground batteries. And finally, just as the crowd was about to turn away, there came Grandpa Hopewell.

He came on a Kirman carpet with colors like autumn leaves. He came out of the shadow of the mountains and floated low over the parade ground where the roar of the Stormoviks still echoed. The troops stared, then gasped, then chuckled, then stared again, then snapped to attention.

Grandpa Hopewell hadn't meant to come to a review; he had merely come down to see what was all the dust and fuss. He had comforted himself as best he could in the hills with some Guthrie County apple cider, and he had about decided to take up the shah's invitation and live in Iran, where he was appreciated.

He was almost to the reviewing stand before he saw who was on it. He saw the flags and the honor guards and the troops drawn up and the thousands on thousands outside the parade ground. He saw the dust from the tanks and the exhaust smoke from the planes.

Then he saw the three on the platform. He saw the jaunty cigarette-holder, the fat cigar, the stubby pipe. He blinked his old blue eyes, and still he saw the three men. Then he knew what to do. He sat up stiff as an oak tree, and did the eyes right, attentively he had learned two wars ago. He sailed past the reviewing stand and blinked a tear out of his old blue eyes. He



"She wouldn't buy it without trying it out."

and a good pilot costs thirty thousand dollars to train, but you can get a carpet from a mail-order house and all you have to do is train a pilot how to know the warp and wool."

He mopped his brow and looked round at wide incredulous eyes.

"It has been this way for weeks," said Major Dikeham.

"We can have pursuit planes three-by-five," Grandpa said, "and transports nine-by-twelve. Even ten-by-fourteen. And even if it doesn't have any great military use," he said, "think how nice it will be after the war to have an aeroplane on every living-room floor."

The presiding general rolled his eyes significantly. Around the room, men looked sentences at one another. "Oh, come now!" said the State Department soothingly.

"Hopewell, what on earth are you staring at?" said the General.

Grandpa Hopewell was looking closely at the carpet beneath him. There was something familiar about the way the warp set into the wool. "It is," he said softly. "It is." He squatted down suddenly on the carpet, put his legs in a peculiar position, mumbled a few seconds. The carpet rose slow and dignified, flapped slightly as it passed through the narrow door, and passed over the roof. Two guards at the outer door saluted automatically, then looked at each other and frowned.

Next day the great men came in their cavalcades, and they stood in the brilliant sun of Iranian afternoon and watched the review. First came a company of American marines and then a company from the British 8th Army, and then a company from the Russians who had fought at Stalingrad. American tanks rumbled past, and British, and

didn't know whether it was excitement or wind.

Some who were near the stand said the big man with the cigarette-holder asked an aide, "Who or what's that?" and Mr. Shadwell, who was nearby, said, "That's Grandpa Hopewell, of Guthrie County, Iowa." And the cigarette-holder turned to the cigar and the pipe, and said with that deep, reverberating laugh of his, "Now let's see you match that!"

A B-17 caught up with Grandpa Hopewell ten miles away from the field. The pilot waved to him out of his window. "Come back!" he yelled. "They want to see you!"

"Him?" Grandpa Hopewell asked incredulously.

"Them," said the pilot.

He got down and went to the platform. The man with the cigarette-holder put a big hand on his shoulder and said not to talk about the flying carpet now. "This will be our secret weapon," he said. "We'll hold it in reserve to use, if some new guns we have, and a new big bomber, and a new kind of bomb, don't do the trick." He continued, "As a matter of fact, the Jap spies will know that we have a secret weapon now, and I wouldn't be surprised if they surrender a year earlier just because they know that."

Then he invited Grandpa Hopewell to ride back to America with him on his own cruiser.

What happened to all Grandpa Hopewell's plans for a flying carpet in every home? I'm a little ashamed to tell you. The rug industry is fighting it. They say the rug business has always been distinguished for stability.

That's why you can't buy a flying carpet from a mail-order catalogue. But there's nothing to keep you from trying it on your own carpets.

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# Is the part Becoming?

By CAROLYN EARLE

*My Dears,* Round face... square face... long face... triangular face... inverted triangular face...

These are the basic types. Each approximates towards the perfect oval which, because of the even proportions of the bone structure, is the accepted classic and basis of perfection.

One is your type. Probably... let's face it... it's not the absolutely perfect oval. But you can go a long way to achieving the coveted illusion of perfection if you make an intelligent study of the way to part your hair.

On this page are some functional hair styles for the five basic types. Beside each is a sketch showing in solid lines the correct part placement, with dotted lines to show the contour the style should follow for that oval look.

There are two additional styles, also with sketches, for "Eyes wide apart" and "Eyes close together," showing the way to use these traits to enhance your charm.

So... if you care...

Ever yours  
Carolyn

Eyes widely spaced



• If you have those appealing, widely spaced eyes, don't adopt the wide-parting, bare-forehead hair-do; it gives a wide, bare look.

• Widely spaced eyes demand a friendly hair-do — centre parting, bangs partially covering the forehead.



Close-set eyes

• Make outward-slanting, three-quarter part. Point a right-sided part toward left eye, and vice versa. Keep brow uncluttered, favor slanting waves moving outward from head.

• By contrast, see how a wrongly placed part can emphasise too-close eyes. Centre part seems to draw eyes toward nose, and hair in bangs further points up the defect.



Round Face (above)

• A centre parting is most becoming because it has the effect of "cutting" the face in halves, making it look longer. You can be high-headed and poised with your hair swept back, closely hugging sides, and finished with a shining braid.



Square Face (above)

• What could be more flattering than these shining coils massed way up high, slightly widened on the upper sides? The contour of this face needs to be rounded and softened, so make a slanting three-quarter part, whichever side you prefer, for that illusion—not forgetting to keep the back hair upcombed smoothly.

Triangular Face (right)

• Lower section of this face is wider than upper, so to lend width to top area make a low side part, slanting away from head centre. Note way this brunette wears hair flat on top, curling into wide roll and built-out sides above the ears to balance heavy base.



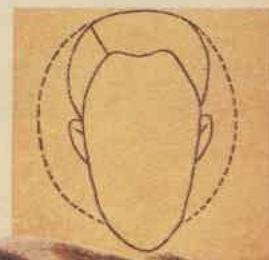
Long Face (above)

• This version of the new and very chic draped hair-do, with the hair flat on top and built out at the sides for additional width, looks superb with this type of face, which needs squaring-up to carry out the oval illusion. An angular part is placed low on one side to make upper part of face seem broader.



Inverted triangle (above)

• A winsome little face, wide at top, narrowing to almost pointed chin. For this type hair is parted in centre to seemingly lessen width of that portion, kept close to ears above head with sides "folding" smoothly back and ending in a soft clump of curls on neck.



heath dalglish



# Good night... Sweet Dreams



## Tomorrow's another day . . . . .

**Y**OU snuggle lazily down between cool sheets . . . cosily adjust a pillow . . . languorously relax, thinking it's good to be drowsy . . . and sleepy. You close tired eyes . . . sigh contentedly . . . then sleep . . . and sleep . . . and sleep. (Awaking next morning fresh and eager . . . thankful to whoever-it-was who first told you about MILO.) Or perhaps we're wrong. Maybe you don't sleep like that. Maybe you've given MILO the "go-by", never understanding how a vitaminised blend of pure country milk and malted cereals (no matter how delicious and soothing) could help to induce the sound, restful sleep you long for every night.

MILO (if you make it your regular "night-cap") certainly *does* help to induce sleep. The vitamins with which it is fortified, phosphates, mineral salts and other health-giving elements it contains, combine to soothe the nerves and banish over-tiredness. Thus, this tempting, chocolate-flavoured beverage (taken hot or cold) not only brings new energy and stamina to your "wide-awake" hours . . . but helps to make every night a GOOD night and every tomorrow a better day. Try it! Buy a 4lb. tin of MILO from your nearest chemist or store. Price (in metropolitan areas,) only 2/3d.

# MILO



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Page 12

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 23, 1946





1 IN NEW MEXICO in 1890 Susan Bradley (Judy Garland) arrives to marry a cowboy whom she knows only through letters he has written to her.



2 AT A GAMBLING SALOON she finds that the letters were a hoax written only to amuse the proprietor, Ned Trent (John Hodiak), and his friends, who run the town.



3 DETERMINED to find work, Susan joins the staff of the Harvey cafe under Miss Bliss (S. Royle).



4 DANCERS at the saloon, led by Em (Angela Lansbury), plan to drive the Harvey girls out of town.

## The Harvey Girls ...Western musical



5 IN SPITE of the dancers' plans, the men of the town like the quiet Harvey girls and go to their party.

IN a musical Western written about the early days of the famous Fred Harvey chain of restaurants at railway stations, MGM star Judy Garland with John Hodiak and Angela Lansbury.

The song hit, "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe," which is one of Princess Elizabeth's favorite tunes, is featured by Judy Garland. Angela Lansbury appears as Em, the saloon dancer who instigates the trouble between the saloon girls and the Harvey girls.

One exciting scene features a violent fight between forty girls as the saloon dancers try by force to convince the Harvey girls that their civilising influence is being wasted in the rough Western town.



6 NED AND SUSAN, after many adventures, fall in love and Ned turns his saloon into a Harvey cafe.

I always get a good report for health anyway, because I do what health requires and—



—every morning take

**ENO'S  
"FRUIT SALT"**

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A Vic Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:  
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"Three serials returned me £165."  
"For my last story, 'The Daring of Robert Town', I received £4/19/6."  
"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers 'Smith's' and 'The Bulletin' to the amount of £7/10/- which, I think, is rather satisfactory."  
"I have had three articles accepted by N.O. and broadcast by the A.B.C."  
"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/18/6 for it.  
"I have just received a cheque for £6/12/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"  
"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships', and for 'Tilly Pulls Through', £4/6/-."

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Even with a big family, it's easy to keep things shining with Bon Ami. This soft, fine cleanser never leaves those dirt-catching scratches that scar porcelain and make it harder to clean. Instead, it slides dirt off in a twinkling — polishes, too! Leaves a petal-smooth surface that dirt won't stick to. For easy, breezy cleaning — for a home to be proud of — make Bon Ami your lifelong friend!

P. S. Bon Ami comes in both Cake and Powder form.



**Bon Ami**

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that  
"hasn't scratched yet!"



**Ultra Hats**  
MILLINERY OF DISTINCTION



Sluggish  
as a  
snail?

Suspect faulty Elimination...

Everyone needs a laxative sometimes... a gentle, effective, non-habit-forming laxative... a laxative that may be given safely to quite young children... in fact, Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, packed in tins for your protection... 18 for 1/7

**LAXETTES**

The gentle and  
effective laxative







## FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN

.... with schoolgirl complexion

... Falling in love with loveliness! Romance comes to stay to the girl with the soft, smooth skin. The loveliness of your complexion is a most precious possession, safeguard it this simple way ... with your daily beauty bath with PALMOLIVE SOAP. PALMOLIVE contains those long-cherished aids to beauty, palm and olive oils. The silky lather that belongs to PALMOLIVE removes all impurities from your skin ... making it truly schoolgirl complexion all over!



**PALMOLIVE SOAP**  
*For All-over Loveliness*

2/706



# We call our Dog COLONEL BLIMP



**W**E'VE had a lot of dogs in our family. Some people like gardening or listening to the radio. We like dogs.

Our favorite is Colonel Blimp, who has been with us for a long time now.

He is of somewhat mixed

parentage. His mother, we know, was a highly bred English setter, who had her first family at a far too early age. We think his father was a pointer.

Whatever his parentage, there is no doubt about his class.

Doubtful breeding has not resulted in any lowering of his standards of class-consciousness.

He was obviously a snob from the moment we got him, and maturity has not brought any measure of tolerance to Colonel.

His haughty look, his up-turned nose, and the pompous way he has of blowing out his cheeks decided us that this was Colonel Blimp.

The first indication we had of his inbred snobbery was the day a friend arrived to see us in a brand spanking new sedan car, gleaming and shiny with chromium.

Colonel took one look at this magnificence at the front gate, and as soon as he got a chance hopped in and spent the afternoon sitting bolt upright on the back seat, quite frankly gloating over the envy of the local dogs yapping at the doors.

We had never been able to per-

suade him to get into our car, a badly battered 1934 tourer.

When the Colonel was a pup the people in the other flats complained about our keeping a dog in the garden, so we sent him off to a children's holiday camp in the country.

We happened to know the director of the camp and he promised to look after Colonel.

After two years we moved into a house with a garden all to ourselves, so Colonel was able to come home.

The only apparent change in him, apart from being much larger, was that he had now become immune to ticks.

So many had bitten him without having any effect on him that he was now quite a rare animal.

A veterinary surgeon we knew wanted to borrow him to make an anti-tick serum from his blood. As this meant that Colonel would continually have to have about 100 ticks all biting him at the same time for days on end we felt it was too much, even in the interests of science.

During his country sojourn he had also learnt to catch rabbits.

Owing to the fact that we lived in a densely populated suburb, with not even one rabbit to ten square miles, there was no chance to indulge in his huntin', fishin', and shootin' activities.

So our frustrated Colonel lived a dream life.

Well, that's what we thought. We noticed that whenever he was asleep, lying on his side, his front legs would start to move ever so gently. Then the back legs started their movement, also gently.

Gradually the pace increased until all four legs were moving in unison at a brisk pace. Then a beatific expression would dawn over the Colonel's usually austere features.

"There goes Colonel chasing rabbits," we said, and rather cruelly waited for him to wake with a start. Which he did, sitting up suddenly and looking round guiltily like a guest who has dozed off in front of the fire.

The only time Colonel doesn't dream about rabbits is when we go to the seaside for our annual holidays, and then he's almost happy chasing seagulls.

But from the look on his face, as he carefully stalks the birds from behind the sand-dunes, we know he thinks, "Hardly sportin' this, seagulls, hardly game, you know."

The most favored person in the family is our youngest sister.

Perhaps it's because she's a bit of a snob herself. She usually seems to cultivate only the richest friends and is mad about horses.

Colonel regards this as good commonsense, both the friends and the horses.

On rare week-ends, when she has some spare pocket-money, the two of them go off to an out-of-town riding school and hire a hack.

Colonel is delighted to trot along the bridle path at the horse's hoofs, looking as if this were the sort of thing he was accustomed to do every day, and that he didn't live in a small suburban cottage with a two-



COLONEL BLIMP regards his new, large, and mixed family with a certain amount of disdain.

by-two lawn, and that the only horses he ever sees are the ones who pull the milk and bread carts.

He is not in the slightest interested in the other dogs of the suburb, not that he is unfriendly. He is just aloof. The only one towards whom he shows any real enmity is a handsome Dalmatian, a magnificently bred animal who lives a few doors away.

Our socially conscious Colonel knows only too well what a magnificent pedigree the Dalmatian has, and, like most of us with an inferiority complex, tries to get over it by being overbearing and nasty.

We just hope the Dalmatian never finds out what a dreadful revenge the fates have taken on our poor snobbish Colonel.

It happens that he had been paying some attention to a pleasant little dog who lives round the corner.

We didn't regard the affair as at all serious until the dog's owner informed us that she was the mother of 14 pups, pretty, cute little pets, but obviously the most mongrelly one could imagine. Not one of the 14 bears any resemblance in the slightest to the others.

Although a family of 14 is a record litter, and the mother has achieved fame to the extent of having her picture in the paper and being shot for the newsteel camera, the Colonel is a broken dog.

He refuses to go anywhere near the house where his family live.

We're looking forward to the day when a brace of cheery mongrel pups, black, brown, and brindle, suddenly come upon the Colonel when he's out for his afternoon's walk, and lolloping happily around him, bark:

"Daddy!"

By BETTY NESBIT



## BOY! OH BOY! BEEF WITH KEEN'S MUSTARD

The above picture is intended as a warning, viz. Do not leave any mustard within reach of your pet lion. For remember, however docile and unhungry he may be at the moment, a dash of KEEN'S MUSTARD will stimulate his appetite, and increase his appreciation not only

of beef, but perhaps also of you. Seriously though, KEEN'S MUSTARD brings out the best in all meats, and fish too.



K2/124

## Days gone by and Days to come . . .



Just as Vantona "Court" Bedcovers were the vogue in the days gone by, so they will be in the days to come.

Whatever changes fashion decrees Vantona will be abreast of the times and soon it is hoped you will be able to choose to your heart's content from a new and very exclusive range which for beauty of colour and novelty of design will be completely outstanding.

In addition to "Court" Bedcovers, the Vantona range includes "Joyous Morn" Towels, Blankets, Down Quilts, Ticks and Tickings—all will bear the VANTONA Tab.

**VANTONA** household **TEXTILES**

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND



# What a difference after only 6 months!

WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS,  
Jack's sweater is now a sad  
sight - shrunk, matted,  
colours already dull as can be!

WASHED WITH *Persil*,  
Bob's jersey is just like  
new! And it'll **STAY**  
soft and fleecy for years  
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gently

YOU'VE seen how  
Persil gives the whit-  
est wash, haven't you?  
And you know it's  
because Persil's oxy-  
gen-charged suds get  
out all the dirt. Not  
some of it . . . not most of it . . . but **ALL**  
of it. Well, those same active suds do the  
same thorough cleansing job with woolly



jumpers, scarves, your knitted frocks and  
woolly undies, too. Carefully they bubble  
round and round each thread, coaxing out  
every trace of dirt with no hard rubbing  
and little handling. And all so gently that  
your garments stay fresh and new-looking  
season after season. You want your woollies  
to keep their warmth and good looks, don't  
you? Then wash them in Persil. There's  
nothing safer



## PERSIL KEEPS WOOLLENS SOFT AND FLEECY

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

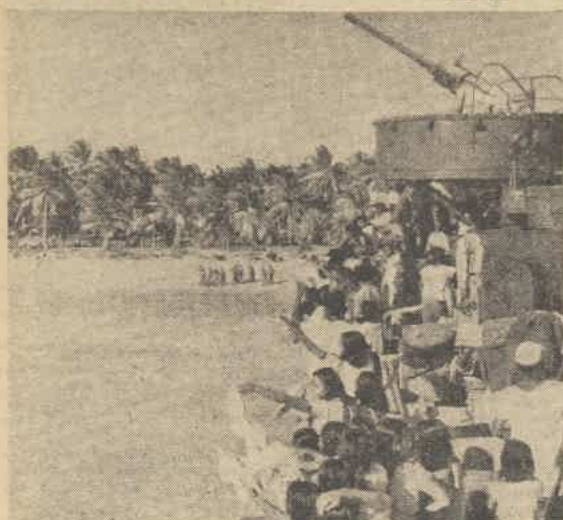
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The Australian Women's Weekly — June 29, 1946



# What will happen at Bikini next Monday?



LEAVING BIKINI, some of the 167 inhabitants wave good-bye to their island as they sail for their new island, Rongerik, 109 miles away.

## Atomic experiment may bring new horrors or blessings to mankind

Next Monday, the world will take a deep breath and wait for the fourth atom bomb in mankind's history to explode over the tiny coral atoll of Bikini in the Pacific.

The code name for the test is "Operation Crossroads."

IT is less than a year since the first atom bomb was set off in an arid desert area in New Mexico, less than a year since atom bombs Nos. 2 and 3 brought blazing death and undreamt-of destruction to the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The most deadly weapon the world had discovered then brought a war to an end.

The fourth atom bomb on Bikini may show, so hope the peoples of every nation, color, and creed, that it can be developed as a weapon of peace.

Whether giant tidal waves and earthquakes result from the tests—as was predicted by one scientist—they will be held and their scientific results may show how atomic energy can be used to benefit mankind.

Bikini, the geographical guinea-pig, is the principal island in a coral atoll 2100 miles from Honolulu, 2450 from Yokohama, and 2000 miles north-east of Australia.

No one knows what will happen to the island after the bomb is dropped, but it is certain there won't be very much of it left.

An army and navy of 25,000 men will take part in this greatest of scientific experiments in our history.

There will be thousands of ordinary men—the sailors, soldiers, and civilian workers—whose hard physical work of bringing ships and equipment to the island has contributed to the experiment; there will be the leaders of armies, navies, and air forces who will observe the bomb as a potential war weapon.

And there will be the scientists who will study the effect of the bomb on land, sea, and air.

Plants and animals on the island, the fish in the lagoon and the surrounding ocean, the geological formation of the island, the wind and currents are all being extensively surveyed before the tests.

To the biologists the tests, which will drastically reduce all life in the area, offer ideal man-made conditions to study how new life is introduced to a region.

For years to come they will visit the area to continue their investigations.

If some life, either animal or vegetable, survives the terrific ex-

plosions of these devastating bombs, new species may develop under the influence of the powerful radiations released by the explosion.

Scientists already have concluded that atomic radiations have altered the reproductive cells of the survivors of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, and this may cause monsters to appear among their grandchildren.

Experimental changes have already been made upon the reproductive cells of mice by the use of X-rays.

They have proved that about a third of the grandchildren develop embryonically with the brains liter-

off huge amounts of all these radiations, may open a Pandora's box and create a horde of new types of living things.

On the credit side study of the effects of radiation may lead to the discovery of the possible cures of two dread diseases, cancer and leukemia.

Among the test animals will be several dozens each of four strains of mice.

Some will be susceptible to cancer growth; others, by careful breeding, are almost immune to cancer; there will be mice with a tendency to the fatal blood disease, leukemia; and mice in which it never developed.

These animals, if they are still alive after exposure to rays, will be returned to the U.S.A. and, pair by

In the lagoon is now anchored the U.S. battleship Nevada, painted a lurid yellow.

Atom bomb No. 4 will drop from the bomb-bays of a Superfortress above the Nevada.

Only a Superfortress can carry the atom bomb, which weighs four tons.

The first statements that it was only the size of a golf ball were deliberately made for security reasons. So far, efforts to reduce the weight of the bomb have failed.

About 70 obsolete warships will be strung out at a distance from the target ship to estimate the degree of damage at various distances.

These ships will carry the oddest "crew" and "cargo" of all times. There will be 200 goats, 300 pigs, and 4000 white rats.

The pigs, whose skin closely resembles human skin, will be "dressed" in standard Navy protective clothing and treated with anti-flash lotion. Some will be garbed in a hitherto secret protective type of clothing.

Scientists are hoping that many of the animals will survive, as they will be able to judge the tests better from "radiation sick" animals than "radiation dead" ones.

Special cameras on 100ft. steel towers arranged around the atoll will record the explosion. The cameras will be controlled by radio from a distant ship.

Other cameras will be in piloted planes, and several pilotless radio-controlled planes will carry cameras close to the explosion area.

The nearest that the human observers will be to the explosion will be from ten to 20 miles.

One of the most vital phases of the test will be the flying of pilotless planes directly into the immense cloud rising from the explosion.

This cloud will be full of deadly swirling particles. The planes have been fitted with special compartments which will open and take in great breaths of atomised air.

There is a possibility, however, that radio-activity may destroy the aircraft ignition systems, causing the planes to crash.

If this does happen, it may show that radio-active rays could be developed as a defence against air attack.

The two official Australian observers at the test will be Commander S. H. K. Spurgeon, who is the Naval Attaché at the Australian Legation in Washington, and Professor M. L. E. Oliphant.

The Editor-in-Chief of Consolidated Press, Mr. E. W. Macalpine,



PEACEFUL ISLAND of Bikini awaits the \$160,000,000 experiment that will probably obliterate it.



PROF. M. L. E. OLIPHANT, Australian-born member of Britain's research team.

will represent the Australian Press and the A.B.C.

Atom bomb No. 1 in Mexico was the war's super-secret.

Nos. 2 and 3 in Japan were no secret. Their searing horror swept through the world on August 5 when the bomb was dropped.

There was no exultation, no rejoicing—the explosion died away in an awed and terrified silence.

People were frightened at this, the dawning of the atomic age, an era that scholars and scientists had been telling them of for years.

Few could understand, in spite of a stream of scientific articles, just how this new power had been unleashed.

Although the famed scientist Einstein says that the atom bomb has changed everything in our lives except our way of thinking, everyone had now grown aware that "things to come" had, in fact, come!

Perhaps to forget the horror, the world started to joke about the atom bomb.

Crazy cracks about the atomic age got a laugh in every Hollywood film.

"Up boys and atom" was the first pun of the atomic age and a thousand jokes were chuckled over in the pages of magazines and newspapers.

Business firms incorporated the word "atom" or "atomic" in the names of their companies.

## Incalculable force

ARCHITECTURAL societies in America and London designed atom bomb shelters and atom bomb houses.

Churches, scientists, war leaders have poured out thousand and thousands of words about the atom bomb.

Trailing along in the wake of all this conjecture and fact is the common man who vaguely realises that this time the scientists are working with a great force, so great that it endangers the world's very existence—a force so incalculable that even the scientists seem afraid of their latest Frankenstein monster.

Man feels that science has gone too far, and because he does not understand he fears.

But the scientists say before demanding that atomic energy should be outlawed that man should realise that it can be a blessing and not a danger.

Man would have never learnt to use fire if the first flames kindled had been stamped out in the passion of fear they must have aroused in primitive minds.

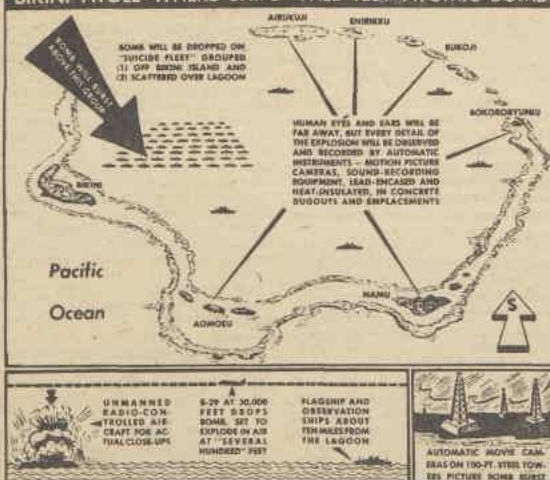
Australian-born Professor Oliphant, leading member of Britain's atomic research team, has said that in two years, with adequate resources for research, atomic energy can be utilised for industry.

"Atomic energy doesn't have to annihilate. It can serve."

Probably that depends on international understanding.

Our way of thinking needs a lot more changing before we can be sure of the service, and not annihilation.

## BIKINI ATOLL—WHERE SHIPS WILL TEST ATOMIC BOMB



ally turned inside out and exposed on the top of the skull.

Abnormal mice do not survive.

However, hereditary factors responsible for their grotesque appearance are carried on by some of their normal brothers and sisters.

Such mice may introduce a hidden, death-dealing mutation whose results will appear from time to time through endless generations.

X-rays and similar radiations have also been used to produce inherited variations in flies and plants.

An atomic explosion, which gives

pair, will be mated. It is hoped that the immunity or susceptibility of their progeny to these diseases may provide clues to new cures.

A tremendous variety of insects, including beetles, moths, and fleas, will also be exposed to radiation.

Species of plants will be similarly exposed and results may show agricultural experts how to develop better and stronger strains.

The effect of the explosion on the fish in the lagoon and in the open ocean will be studied by a team of marine biologists.



## HORRORS OF PEACE

AT a time when the world is deeply concerned with the need to abolish forever the horrors of war, there comes a reminder that peace can have its horrors, too.

This reminder takes the form of a statistician's figures showing how the heavy fall in the birth-rate during the depression is being felt now by industrialists in search of labor.

For every 100 boys and girls who attained the age of 15 and became available for employment in 1939 only 88 attain that age this year. The missing 12 represent the babies who were not born in the sad depression year of 1931.

These are New South Wales figures, but they are indicative of a world-wide situation.

In the dreary depression years a new baby was no happy little stranger to be welcomed with a flutter of pink ribbons. He was all too often a worry—another mouth to fill.

Childless couples are not the only evidence of the waste of those years.

There are thousands of men bored and restless in dead-end jobs because they missed their chance of something better.

Their talent was stifled or their urge to study denied by the need to earn immediately.

Thousands more lost confidence in themselves and have been haunted ever since by fear of want.

If the race is to flourish, there must be prosperity as well as peace on earth.

Those whose memories of the bad years are keen and bitter say of depression as they say of war—it must not happen again.

## New deal for domestics may ease shortage

There's a new and happier era dawning for domestics, and one which looks like winning the goodwill and blessings of many housewife employers.

Higher rates of pay, part-time instead of full-time service, the live-out instead of live-in domestic, the advent of the male house-cleaner in increasing numbers—these are some of the revolutionary changes brought about through a wartime shortage of domestics and now being put into satisfactory operation.

THE day of the old diehard indolent and inconsiderate "Ma'am," who worked "Jane" or "Nancy" on and off duty, regarding time off as a privilege instead of a right, can never return.

"Ma'am" may not like all the changes, but in a general all-round survey of the present domestic position we discovered that there are many "Ma'ams" who are not complaining.

Present housing situation makes it impossible for many housewives to hand over a corner of space for a living-in domestic. Still the work piles up, and they are only too glad to call in the services of a part-time worker.

Women who otherwise could not afford to keep a regular help are also availing themselves of a few hours service of a reliable part-time worker.

And we mean reliable, too! During the war a housewife who miraculously managed to find a part-time worker often discovered to her annoyance that—

(a) The worker did or did not turn up, according to whim.

(b) Was inexperienced and unsatisfactory.

Greater numbers and competition among the part-timers are altering that now.

At domestic agencies there are few women who will accept living-in work.

When they do, their wage is from £3/10/- to £4 a week, while former factory girls who are now taking up part-time domestic work are receiving £1 a day plus their fares, plus morning and afternoon tea.

Advantages of living out, apart from escaping the dictatorship of selfish mistresses, are innumerable, according to several domestics we talked to.

"Whether we're rooming in a residential flat, or living at home, it's a much happier arrangement than living at our place of employ, where we are continually on call, according to the disposition of the employer," one girl said.

"I've often worked for women who used to resort to the most incredible tricks to keep me working after 7.30 o'clock at night.

"Having our own room or flat, or whatever it is, saves us, too, from the awful loneliness we used to endure between jobs in the old days."

Part-time work is also attracting competent, experienced housewives who, eager to supplement the family income, are hiring out their services after their own housework is finished.

Challenging the new woman part-time domestic is the male wielder of mop and broom, who offers service singly or in groups.

Strictly mechanised with vacuum-cleaner, electric polisher, cleaning fluids, soaps and etceteras, the men set off on a motor bike with a side-car or in a car to their job.

"Our charge," one Sydney cleaner



MODEL U.S. MAID Sadie Buick in her trim uniform. She does not wear a cap. Her employers have solved the domestic problem by paying her well and treating her intelligently. She has an attractive bedroom and private bath. When her employers are away she is allowed to entertain her young friends in the house.

told us, "is 5/6 an hour, but that isn't expensive considering that my biggest job, cleaning a two-storied house, costs the housewife only 13/6."

"In Victoria their prices range from 2/6 an hour.

"Lots of returned servicemen who do not want the restriction of office or factory are doing this work. With their deferred pay behind them, they can soon set themselves up in it."

"We're our own bosses and we have complete freedom."

"Of course, we don't do finicky jobs like cleaning silver. We like the solid jobs—moving heavy furniture, cleaning stoves and windows—in fact, a thorough spring-cleaning."

There was much more work available, he added, than the men could cope with at present.

One returned airman, who does indoor work himself and employs

### Every comfort for U.S. servants

FANTASTIC wages are being paid to domestic servants in New York suburbs.

It is so difficult to obtain help in the home that wages paid to domestics often exceed those earned by a first-class artist.

Housewives vie with each other in making advertisements for help appear attractive.

Here is one from a Long Island newspaper. It is headed: "No milk coat on your days off, but no cooking and no laundry." Advertisement continues:

"Really nice job for nice sort of person. Just regular housework. Two adults and mannerly boy of eight."

"The three of us are happy-go-lucky, smiling people. Your own room, good food and plenty of it. Sleep in. Fair wages. You will find working for us a refreshing change."

"Phone Blank Blank. If maid answers it means you're too late. Better hurry, Cheerio."

Other advertisements offer nursemaids 150 dollars (£50 Australian) a month, with their own room and keep.

two men to do outdoor work, cleans as many as seven houses a day.

"It's nothing for a man, but a bit too strenuous for women," he said.

At some houses he includes ironing in his service. He has 40 houses on his waiting list.

The men cleaners are bringing a community touch into domestic work. By using their vacuum cleaners and electric polishers for a number of houses, they are providing a real boon to many householders who cannot afford to buy such expensive equipment.

Even in cases where a housewife is able to afford a regular daily woman cleaner, she may be glad to employ the men's vacuum-cleaner-polisher service occasionally.

Doing a splendid service in the domestic field is the Emergency Housekeeping Service, formed in Sydney two and a half years ago, and which has supplied housekeepers to 650 homes.

The service deals only with urgent cases—looking after families when women have to go into hospital for confinements or illness and where there is no relative to help out.

It pays each housekeeper £3/10/- a week and receives whatever the client can afford, in some cases nothing at all.

To enable the service to continue, the New South Wales Government has already made two £3000 grants.

Another recently formed organisation is the Australian Women's Mutual Aid Association. It has an elaborate manifesto, but its immediate work is providing help for women in urgent need, either by supplying paid domestic help or voluntary workers.

Brisbane's Mothercraft Association supplies help in private homes. Girls receive twelve months' training at the Mothercraft Hostel, and juniors for a salary of 30/- a week, care for children.

Pay increases to £3/3/- for seniors, who take complete charge of the home.

Recently Brisbane's women's organisations founded the Home Service Board, which will issue certificates to trainees after examination, following ten weeks' training.

## Interesting People



MRS. EUGENE GOOSSENS  
music all her life

IN her deep, soft voice, American-born Mrs. Eugene Goossens, visiting Australia with her husband, famous composer and conductor, tells of her life-long interest in music. Even as a schoolgirl in Philadelphia she attended as many orchestral concerts as she could. This training has made her a sound critic, and her husband discusses his concerts with her, values her comments. She worked with one of America's biggest recording firms as a pianist, and has done some composing.



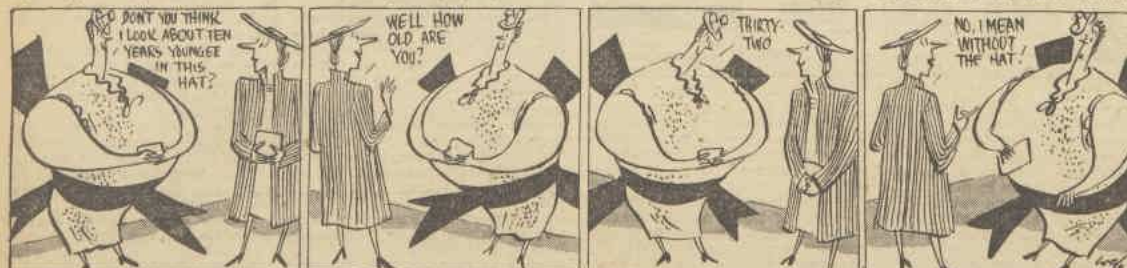
MR. GEORGE GREY  
specialist in fabrics

ONLY finest fabrics can be used in films because the slightest flaw is magnified by the camera, says Australian George Grey, chief fabric designer for J. Arthur Rank. Mr. Grey, with headquarters in Bond Street, London, chooses materials for all costumes and draperies used in Rank films. His biggest worry with film "Caesar and Cleopatra" was to find a satisfactory color which would photograph white. Pure white to the naked eye, will not photograph white in technicolor, and a special shade of off-white must be used.



MRS. ALAN TORY  
lectures and recipes

IGNORANCE of American and English women about Australia is terrific, says Mrs. Alan Tory, wife of Rev. Alan Tory, of St. Stephen's Church, Sydney, recently returned from abroad. She lectured in both America and England. Found her audiences amazed that it was possible to run a Bee-thoven Festival in Sydney during the war. Greatly interested in cooking, she made a point of collecting recipes wherever she went. Her pet ambition is to produce a really comprehensive modern cookery book, as thorough as Mrs. Beeton's, but more suitable for present-day catering.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



# London's most spectacular wedding for years



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND arriving for the reception at Admiralty House, Whitehall, after their marriage at Westminster Abbey. The Duchess had trouble in the high wind with her train, and a bridesmaid, her sister, Lady Caroline Scott, helps her, while the groom stands nearby.



QUEEN ELIZABETH with the Sub-Dean of Westminster, Rev. S. Lewis Donaldson, and Princess Elizabeth with the Dean of Westminster, the Very Reverend A. C. Don, entering Westminster Abbey for the wedding of Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott and the Duke of Northumberland.—Radiograms from London

## Duke of Northumberland's lovely bride served with W.R.N.S. in Australia

By MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London office

The Duchess of Buccleuch gave a special invitation to The Australian Women's Weekly for the wedding of her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, to the Duke of Northumberland.

Because of the kindness of Australian people to Lady Elizabeth, when as a member of the W.R.N.S. she was in Australia last year, the Duchess issued this invitation in spite of the fact that reporters at the wedding were limited to eight from all the Press of Britain.

THE wedding was the climax to a romance which began when the millionaire tenth Duke of Northumberland rode on his black hunter for four days from his own Alnwick Castle in Northumberland to Drumlanrig Castle, the bride's Scottish home, where he proposed.

When Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, married, she wore a wedding gown sent from Australia and she was seven minutes late at the altar.

Her wedding, which was held in Westminster Abbey, was London's biggest and most brilliant postwar social event, and attracted a crowd of thousands.

The King, the Queen, the Princesses, Queen Mary, the Duchess of Kent, and King George of Greece were there, and they were received at the Abbey's entrance by 24 bowing choirboys dressed in crimson and white surplices.

Other guests included former Governor of New South Wales Lord Wakehurst, Lady Wakehurst, and their daughter, the Hon. Henrietta Loder.

While the ceremony was going on, the new Duchess of Northumberland's trousseau sent from Australia by her friends was being packed in the car with a small black poodle called Boodle, who was going on the honeymoon, too.

At Admiralty House, where the reception was held, glittered a 54lb. four-tier wedding cake, also sent from Australia.

The trousseau, which was carried to England in the aircraft-carrier Formidable, includes crepe-de-chine undies, hyacinth-blue georgette

nightdresses edged with lace, satin housecoats, silk dressing-gowns, and silk and nylon stockings.

It was the envy of every bride in Britain.

Lady Elizabeth kept secret the description of her wedding dress (even from her family) until the wedding.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white satin with a heart-shaped neckline and a full skirt falling into a long train.

Her tulle veil was held in place with a pearl-and-diamond coronet (a Buccleuch heirloom), and she carried an ivory-covered prayerbook. Round her throat glistened three rows of Northumberland pearls, the gift of the bridegroom.

The wedding ring was of plain gold. She did not carry flowers.

Throughout the ceremony the groom was very nervous and pale.

He is a slight, fair-haired young man of 32.

Lady Elizabeth looked radiant and did not seem at all nervous.

### Royal dressing

THE Queen wore a duck-egg-blue ensemble and a halo hat to match trimmed with a bunch of small blue flowers.

Princess Elizabeth wore an oatmeal-colored coat and tiny white hat trimmed with white flowers.

Princess Margaret Rose wore a pale blue coat and a wide-brimmed white straw hat trimmed with pink and blue flowers.

Queen Mary was a graceful, dignified figure in her pale blue fur-trimmed coat and one of her well-known toques to match.

The Duchess of Kent, in a brown velvet ensemble, wore a striking corded brown velvet hat with ospreys.

The wedding united two great border families, and there have been celebrations on the English and

Scottish estates of the bride and groom.

Many of the tenants of the estates were invited to the wedding, and came hundreds of miles in special trains and buses.

Typical of the tenants was 19-year-old John Brain, a dairy farmer living in the village of Grafton Underwood, which is part of the Duke of Buccleuch's (Lady Elizabeth's father) English estate.

He was a ruddy-checked, large-handed young man dressed in his Sunday best.

He waited in the Abbey one and a half hours before the wedding began, and said: "I wanted to see it all, it's quite a do, isn't it? My father was really invited by the Duke, but he was too busy on the farm and couldn't come, and I'm representing him instead."

"I am looking forward to seeing Lady Elizabeth again."

"It is a long time since I saw her. Last time I danced with her one May Day round the maypole in the village. She was a lanky little girl with plaits then. I suppose she'll look different to-day."

"I remember her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester, too. Lady Elizabeth was bridesmaid at her wedding, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester spent part of their honeymoon on our estate."

Alnwick Castle, ancestral home of the Duke of Northumberland, is one of the finest in Britain and the only one to have an electric device for running a trolley from the kitchen to the dining-room.

The Duke served in Crete and Libya with the Northumberland Hussars during the war. He succeeded his elder brother, who was killed in action in this war.

At the wedding reception 1500 guests in top hats and morning suits, silks and furs, queued up for nearly an hour while the bride and groom received their guests.

Queen Mary toasted the couple in champagne. Lady Elizabeth's going-away frock was elbow-sleeved, a blue bustle dress with a wide blue straw hat tied with a large blue tulle veil.

Forty-six-year-old head huntman to the Duke of Northumberland travelled 300 miles to blow the "gone away" on the hunting horn before the couple left on their honeymoon.

Lady Elizabeth is a fine huntswoman, and this was done at her special request. The couple are honeymooning at Albury Park, Surrey, the third of the Duke of Northumberland's houses.



THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND photographed with Boodle, her pet poodle, at the Duke's home a few weeks before her marriage. Boodle accompanied the couple on their honeymoon.



# Food for Fitness!



*We've been so busy this morning—*

*what with sweeping and dusting and other jobs around the house—*

*that the break for a drink is very welcome. Particularly welcome*

*because this drink has that real chocolaty flavour—yes, Bournville Cocoa.*

*That's the stuff to keep us fit. It replaces the energy we have expended—*

*for it is a real food. When made with milk, and a little sugar, it is 45%*

*more nourishing than milk alone! If you haven't any Bournville Cocoa in your cupboard,*

*your grocer probably has some . . . so write "Bournville Cocoa" on your next shopping list.*

**CADBURY'S**  
**BOURNVILLE COCOA**



BC 12 FP





AUSTRALIAN film star Shirley Ann Richards (right) attends memorial service at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay, for her brother, who died in Jap prison camp, with her mother, Mrs. Marion Richards, Lionel Creaghe, and Mrs. Rothwell.



NURSE Anne Ramsay (left) sells to Mrs. Judith Howe, Miss Bernadette Bartier, at fete at R.P.A. for Nurses' War Memorial Fund.



EVERYONE'S WISHING attractive Vena Fuller and her fiance, Reg Robson, "all the best" when couple announce engagement. Reg, who is ex-P.O.W., is younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Robson, of Rose Bay.



INTERSTATE INTEREST in marriage at St. Matthew's, Marysville, South Australia, of violinist Lyndall Hendrickson and Surgeon-Lieut. Graeme Robson, R.A.N.V.R., of Sydney. Bride greeted by former Bishop of Adelaide, Rt. Rev. A. Nutter Thomas.

## Intimate Gossipings

**G**AY time planned in Yass district for July 17, when the Yass Diggers' Race Club will hold a race meeting to raise funds for the R.S.S.A.I.L.A.

President of the meeting, Geoff Manning, tells me guests of honor will be two returned P.O.W. sisters, Captain Kay Parker, A.A.N.S., and Lieut. Mavis Cullen, A.A.N.S.

Kay was popular matron of Yass District Hospital before joining up, and Mavis was one of the senior sisters. Two of the main races have been named after them—the Parker Cup and the Cullen Cup. Kay and Mavis have been visiting Adelaide to see their old friend, Eileen Callaghan, who was one of their band of P.O.W.s and who is ill.

Eileen is also well known in Yass, as although she is a South Australian she was attached to the hospital there, too.

Charming Mrs. Noel Eedy, of Blackburn, Yass, will be hostess at the cocktail party following the races, and a large committee is working to make the dance at night go off with a bang.



R.A.A.F. WEDDING. Squadron-Leader Fred Madsen, D.F.C., and his bride, formerly Nancy Stafford, leave St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, after their marriage. Attendants Squadron-Leader Jim McHale, D.F.C., and bride's sister Betty, who is R.A.A.F. nursing sister.

**W**EDDING bells this month for Millicent Sutton and Douglas Dowsett, ex-P.O.W. with the 8th Divvy. Officiating minister will be ex-padre George Polain, who was P.O.W. with bridegroom. Couple choose St. Jude's, as Douglas' parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Dowsett, of Bexley, were married there forty years ago.

**G**REAT roll-up to the Will Quintrell testimonial matinee at the Theatre Royal when Sydney's leading theatricals gave their services and turned on one of the best matinees to be held in Sydney for many a long day. Edwin Styles compered the show, and tells me that his greatest regret about leaving Australia—he's off to England soon—is that he has to leave Leonard, his talking lovebird, behind, as quarantine laws will not allow birds into England. More than £1000 raised by the matinee and by various functions held beforehand.

**G**ET-TOGETHER of old Coolamon residents in Sydney when Mr. and Mrs. Hughie Bamford arrange dance and social evening at Paddington Town Hall. Four hundred guests arrive—many had not seen one another for years. "We had guests of all ages—from nine years of age to the oldest member, Mr. W. Wilson, who is 91," Mrs. Albert Bamford, of Quirindi, tells me.

**O**FFICERS from H.M.A.S. Hobart were guests of honor and cut the birthday cake at the 36th birthday party at Osborne Ladies' College, Blackheath. Party was given at the college, and principal, Miss Violet Gibbons, who founded the college in 1910, received the guests.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Edward Gowing and his bride, formerly Barbara Orago, leaving Burwood Congregational Church with attendants Margaret Butters, Douglas Bertie, Barbara is well-known Australian golfer.

**T**WO interesting weddings take place quietly at St. Mark's, Darling Point. . . doctors' daughters Aylwin Marsh and "Binkie" Bowker are the brides. . . Aylwin, who is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Seaward Marsh, of Double Bay, marries Dr. John Burgess, and "Binkie," who is daughter of late Dr. Cedric Bowker and of Mrs. Bowker, of Bellevue Hill, marries Lieut. Geoffrey Boxer, R.N.

John and Aylwin honeymoon at seaside cottage lent by friends, and return to Sydney to furnished flat in Macleay Street while John does post-graduate work.

"Binkie's" husband, who is secretary to Rear-Admiral C. H. L. Woodhouse, Rear-Admiral Commanding British Pacific Fleet Aircraft-Carriers, leaves for England soon, and "Binkie" hopes to follow him and make her home there shortly.

**L**OTS of back-slapping going on in Sydney when Reg Robson and Keith Gollan are congratulated on all sides when they become engaged to two of the nicest girls in Sydney. Vena Fuller announces engagement to Reg at glorious cocktail party given by her parents, the John Fullers, of Bellevue Hill. Fuller family thrilled, too, when they learn that young John was picked from the University firsts to play the following day for New South Wales against Queensland.

Judy Playfair announces engagement to Keith and couple celebrate—Judy flashing solitaire diamond ring and wearing super Cattleya orchid in her hair—at Prince's with Eve and Alec McLeod.



HAPPY BRIDE. Mrs. Peter Slaughton leaves St. Martin's Church, Kilara, on the arm of her bridegroom, Flight-Lieut. Peter Slaughton, R.A.A.F. Bride, formerly Jean Millett, arrived from Canada for marriage.

**L**OVELY party given at her home, Rosemont, Woollahra, by Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones when she invites forty guests to meet her house-guest, Mrs. R. G. Casey, during her stay in Sydney. Mrs. Lloyd Jones also entertains Eugene Goomens and his charming wife when they spend the day with them on Sunday.

**B**OWRAL honeymoon for Hilton Loney and his bride, formerly Betty Cowan, of Cronulla. Couple married recently at St. Philip's.



YOUNG DOCTORS MARRY. Dr. David Rich and his bride, formerly Dr. Joan Macartney—both residents at Royal Prince Alfred—marry at Great Synagogue. In group, bridegroom's sister, Miss Rodney Rich (left); cousin, Charles Rich; bride and bridegroom; bride's sister Pamela with Dr. Neville Rothfeld; and in background, bride's sister Merril and bridegroom's brother Trevor.





## A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO YOU MRS. AND MISS AUSTRALIA

The Statisticians inform us, Mrs. and Miss Australia, that you influence, directly or indirectly, more than 80% of the purchases made in this country.

Also, from experience, we know that you handle this purchasing very capably. You know quality, you know value, and you always have an eye for a bargain.

So, ladies, we want your support on a job that should be very much after your own hearts. You know only too well what it means when prices keep rising, and it gets harder to make the house-keeping money go round—well, we want you to keep these prices down.

Without delving into a lot of figures, the position is that there is more money available for spending than ever before, but there are not sufficient goods to purchase with it. If, therefore, we all start competing with each other for the goods that are available, we only succeed in pushing prices higher and higher, reducing the value of our money, and helping to foster the black-market.

That, of course, is just what you wish to avoid, and here is how you can use your expert buying knowledge to help: firstly buy what you need, but only what you need, and make sure that you obtain the best quality available; secondly, where there is a fixed price, refuse to pay one penny more, and where other prices are unreasonably high, postpone your purchase until another day; and thirdly, put any money you can into Bonds and Savings Certificates, and encourage your husband or fiancée to do likewise.

By doing this, you will not only help very considerably to keep the cost of living down, but you will also put yourself in a much better position to buy all the things you want when they are more plentiful and more reasonably priced.

Savings Certificates may be purchased at any Bank or Money Order Post Office, and advance subscriptions to the next Commonwealth Cash Loan may be made through any Bank or Stockbroker.

### THIS IS HOW YOU CAN HELP TO KEEP PRICES DOWN

1. Spend wisely. Get full value. Buy only what you really need. Save all you can. Hold all your Bonds and Savings Certificates.
2. Share and share alike the goods available... don't foster the black-market by paying more than maximum prices. Check all prices with the lists available.
3. Keep your own prices down. Don't take advantage of shortages to ask more for your goods or services.
4. Pay your way—settle your debts—make no new ones.
5. Invest your savings, at better than bank interest, in Commonwealth Bonds and Savings Certificates. When goods are plentiful again you can make good use of the money you save now—for then you will get more for your money.

*Be a Saver, Not a Spender—Help Keep Prices*





# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

Wise planning is necessary by Cancerians, Pisceans, Scorpions, Virgoans, and Taurians if they are to make the most of the present period of good fortune.

They should work hard to achieve desired goals.

Arians, Librans, and Capricornians should live quietly, however, and avoid worry and upheavals.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Be good-tempered and patient now, and avoid needless worries and general unpopularity, especially on June 25 (afternoon), 27 (early), 28, 29, and 30.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Be wary this week, particularly on June 26, which can be confusing. June 27 (forenoon to 10 p.m.) fair; July 1 and 2 adverse.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): With moderation June 25 (except 3 a.m. to 10 a.m.) can be helpful, so use well. June 26 (after 1 p.m.) July 1 (10 a.m. to 3 p.m.) fair; July 3 very good.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Be optimistic now, and seek gains. June 26 (dark) very fair, 27 and 28 good. July 2 (to 2 p.m.) excellent.

## Animal Antics



"Mama! Here's that man again!"

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): July 2 can prove surprising. July 3, especially after 2 p.m., as use well. June 25 and 26 poor. June 27 (to 10 p.m.) and July 1 (to 3 p.m.) helpful.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to Sept. 23): Live quietly now. June 25 (to 9 a.m.) good, then adverse. 26 fair, 27 and 28 poor. July 1 (to 3 p.m.) fair; July 2 good.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Live cautiously now, and avoid gossip, business, parties, and discord, especially on June 26 (morning), 27, 28, and July 1 (late).

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A good week, but can be tricky. Be cautious June 26, 27 (10 a.m. to 10 p.m.), good, 28 (forenoon) difficult. July 1 and 2 poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Make good use of July 1 and 2 (to 2 p.m.), but be cautious on June 26 (afternoon), 27, and 28.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Beware obstacles and worry now, especially June 25 (afternoon), 27, 28 (to 3 p.m.), 29, and 30. Stick to routine tasks.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Routine work advised on June 25 (after 3 p.m.), 26, July 1 and 2. Best day this week June 27 (10 a.m. to 10 p.m.).

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Seek advancement and gains now. June 25 (to 2 p.m.) good, 26, 28 (midday) and 29 helpful. July 1 (11 a.m. to 3 p.m.) fair, 2 (to 3 p.m.) excellent.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## YOUR COUPONS

TEA: Black and red, page 5, V2-V4 (V2-V4 available July 1.)  
SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 7, F1 and Q1. (F3 and Q3 available July 1.)  
BUTTER: Black, red, and green, page 5, 40-42. (43-45 available July 1.)  
MEAT: Black, 95-98 (96-102 current July 1); red C1-C7 (C8-C11 current July 1); green C1-C4 (C5, C6 current July 1).  
CLOTHING: Y1-56, 257-412.



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** In a world-wide hunt for the clues leading to her uncle's fortune. With each clue is a number, part of the combination of the safe where the money is locked. The money is to go to whoever finds all the numbers first, Betty or her cousins:  
**AUGUSTA:** Who wants Betty out of the hunt.

**PETER:** At first Augusta's ally, now in love with Betty. Augusta's new ally is **KRAG:** Who pays natives to drown Mandrake before he can find the fifth clue, hidden in a huge clam off Tahore Isle. Their attempt is foiled by Lothar, but Augusta steals the treasure notes while Betty is asleep, and both parties are in a desperate race to reach the vault first. NOW READ ON:





# RWORTH Reporting

OUR London correspondent Anne Matheson tells us that during the Victory March celebrations there was always a steady flow of people to the camp where the Indian soldiers were stationed.

"Some of the visitors 'new the men, others were just hungry Londoners who gathered round and wistfully sniffed the tantalising aroma of Indian curry coming from the cookhouse," she says.

"One taxi-driver told me that 'all us blokes like driving the Indians because if it's around grub-time they ask us back for a feed of curry and rice."

"One of them said I could bring the wife and kids over if I liked."

"The food is cooked one way for the Hindus and another way for the Muslims, but it all tastes good to me," he told me.

## A.I.F. sister honored

AT the Church of St. Barnabas at Ingleburn, N.S.W., on June 30, a memorial window will be unveiled in honor of an A.I.F. nursing sister, Sister Cynthia Haultain.

She was one of the sisters who lost their lives when the hospital ship Centaur was sunk off the Australian coast.

When the ship sailed from Sydney Sister Haultain need not have reported for duty as she was ill. When she went on board the Matron ordered her to sick-bay immediately.

Sister Haultain, who is the daughter of Mrs. H. C. Haultain, of Ingleburn, trained at the Coast Hospital. Before enlisting she was on the staff of the Newington State Hospital.

ENNUI THE FIFTH. We shamelessly listened-in to a conversation between the girl in the library and one of the clients the other afternoon.

"Did you see 'Henry the Fifth'?" asked the girl.

"Oh, yes," said the woman. "But I found it very boring. It was too Shakespearean."

## Swords into ploughshares

MUCH of the craftsmanship which during the war years was gone into the building of destroyers and motor torpedo boats at the factories in the Isle of Wight is now being put into the production of new kitchen furniture, says a cable from our London office.

All this furniture is being made of heavy gauge steel which cannot warp or crack. It is finished in ivory enamel that is lovely to look at and easy to clean. Since it is all to standard size and pattern, the housewife can buy one unit and add to it gradually until she has completely modernised her kitchen.

Sinks and draining-boards are of stainless steel and underneath are cream enamel cupboards and drawers. Dustproof cupboards for china storing are made to hang on walls or fit into corners.

The corner cupboards have revolving shelves so that the housewife does not have to search about in dark corners.

As the shelves and drawers are all enamelled there is no need for the tedious business of lining them with paper. All that is necessary to remove stains is a clean damp cloth.

## Shakespeare into Chinese

THE first Chinese translation of the complete works of Shakespeare is nearing completion, and the first ten volumes are to be published in Shanghai this month.

The translator is the distinguished Chinese scholar Professor Tiao Wei-feng.

He has been working on the translation for the past fifteen years.

NAUTICAL CORNER. A small boy we know asked his mother why sailors call a ship "a hoy."

## Stockman poet

IN our mail this week we had a letter from a young man named Billy Williams, the "Wandering Stockman" of North Macksville, N.S.W.

He also signs himself "Australasia's Leading Poet."

In his letter he enclosed a yellow circular notifying us of the poems he has already published and a copy of his latest poem, "Southern Cross," dedicated to his cousin, Frank Partridge, V.C., now in England with the Australian Victory Contingent.

There are 13 verses of four lines each in the poem. We quote the four last verses:

"A jaring chap, an Aussie lad,  
He lives to tell the tale,  
And like his Great War soldier Dad  
His spirit shall prevail.  
Australia is indebted to you,  
Dear Cousin Frank indeed,  
I strive to write and roughly rhyme  
In praise for you to read.

I am proud you are my cousin,  
So, with my poet's pen,  
I'll tell the world about Frank  
With Australia's hero men.

And in Australian history  
Your name shall ever tess,  
FRANK PARTRIDGE is as dear to me  
As our Great Southern Cross."

We also consulted the list of poems with some interest. They included "My Birth, My Life, and . . . What?" "A Bushie's Proposal," "A Sister's Love," "I Shed No Tears—Then and Now." These are included in the collection "Brumby Land."

## Knows all the answers

GOOFY questions answered by a woman library-research expert in New York run the gamut from "How fast can a cockroach run?" to "Have you a picture of a cigar-store Indian?"

Katherine D. Frankenstein is the chief answer-woman of the New York Special Libraries Association, and heads 1100 men and women in other special libraries, says a message from our New York office.

She's a brilliant example of how the modern woman makes executive use of a quick mind and cool brain. Nothing stumps her.

Typical questions received in a working day include: How many families are there in America? What cities beside New York are having popular concerts? How nearly accurate were opinion polls on the last election? Are business and population in Miami falling off?

"Not once in days do we have to say no," Mrs. Frankenstein said.

## Soldier's courage

MR. G. BAILEY, of Unley, South Australia, has received a nicely written airmail letter from Mr. and Mrs. David Bell, of Edinburgh, Scotland, thanking him for a parcel of food.

The story of David Bell is one of courage.

Out on the Western Desert in 1942, as a sapper in the British Army, he was injured in a German booby trap.

In hospital in Johannesburg after an operation he learned that he was blind and without hands.

Then he was taken home to St. Dunstan's in London, where they taught him to read Braille, to tell the time on a Braille watch with his tongue, to type expertly, and to move about with confidence.

He was fitted with artificial hands and soon learned to use them. At a dance he met his future wife.

In his tobacconist shop he has a specially designed till, also an electric automatic money changer.

When he types David takes off his right hand and replaces it with a gadget for typing quickly and accurately. He also plays a trombone.

Among his treasures is a tiepin given to him by Field-Marshal Smuts, who, in turn, had received it from Winston Churchill.



MOBILE WORKSHOP is all ready for its long tour of Australia

## Couple tour outback with mobile workshop

In a home-made caravan painted cream and green a Sydney husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hill, have just set off on a de luxe tinkers' tour, travelling around Australia from N.S.W. through to the Northern Territory.

They will earn their living by repairing farmers' agricultural equipment in the mobile workshop which is towed by their caravan.

"WE feel that if we can assist farmers to put broken-down machinery into action again we will be helping to produce more food for a starving world," said Mr. Hill.

The workshop was an ambulance, and stripped of its former fittings it has been equipped with benches, an oxy-welding outfit, hacksaws, blowlamps, and all other equipment necessary for engineering.

So that urgent repair jobs can be done at night, the workshop also has a 300-candlepower lamp.

"We ran into a lot of trouble fitting out the workshop," said Mr. Hill. "Getting stocks and dies was a problem, but after a lot of hunting round we finally managed to obtain just about everything we wanted."

With a special priority-five petrol issue of 45 gallons a month, giving an average allowance of 20 miles daily, the workshop can go anywhere and everywhere there is work to be done.

"We will be able to mend pumps, irrigation outfits, harvesters, and windmills. We'll also mend gates, diesel engines, and power plants," he continued.

"And tow anything, from a bullock

team to a tractor, out of bogs," added Mrs. Hill, pointing to a coiled steel tow-line.

Their caravan, which was made in the backyard of their home at Maroubra, has been designed so that domestic chores will take up only a minimum of Mrs. Hill's time and she will be able to help her husband in the workshop.

Mrs. Hill can already use a drill and a hacksaw.

The partnership is to work on a strictly fifty-fifty basis. Although Mrs. Hill has driven only a light car, she will take her turn at the wheel. "And I am thoroughly capable of helping with the cooking," Mr. Hill said proudly.

"Although our main object is to do a job of work, I think we've managed to make ourselves pretty comfortable," he said.

Looking at the streamlined furniture, the generous stowage space, and labor-saving conveniences, the average city flat dweller would agree.

It has a radio, built-in cupboards, a sink with running water serviced from a twelve-gallon tank, inner spring cushion mattresses, a kerosene stove, and a baking oven.

The caravan's treasure is a German-made gold musical alarm clock, which plays a selection from "Faust."

Bought in New Guinea, the clock was the one household possession



FAITHFUL Bluey says good-bye to his master and mistress. They had to leave him behind because there was no room for him.

brought away from her home when Mrs. Hill was evacuated by plane when the Japanese were approaching Wau.

"All the same, we're going to live outside a lot. We're carrying an auto tent with folding chairs and table, and a camp oven, so that we can make the most of the good weather," said Mr. Hill.

"After a lot of thought trying to decide what to take and what to leave behind, we finally agreed to take one good outfit each. Most of the time I shall wear slacks, and my husband a boiler suit," Mrs. Hill explained.

"I've got a few old Army shirts and shorts to wear out yet," added Mr. Hill, of the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, and later of the A.I.F.

The Hills' only experience of the Australian outback was on their last three months' leave before the war, when they bought a car, and to break it in made a leisurely trip from Sydney toward Melbourne.

"But the prospect doesn't frighten us. We both love the country, and things were pretty rough for a woman in New Guinea when I first went up there to join my husband," said Mrs. Hill.

Mr. Hill was dredging master with the dredging company at Bulolo for eleven years before the war.

He has recently been working on the Sydney waterfront on ship repairs.

Already assured of a warm welcome wherever they go, the adventurous pair do not expect to see a capital city for a long time.

"This is our life now," they said. "We intend to keep at it until there isn't any more work to be done."



CARAVAN is comfortable home for Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hill, of Sydney, who are planning to tour the country with their mobile workshop.



## Continuing . . . For Love of Love

from page 5

BIDDY laughed, a warm, hearty laugh that grated on his nerves. "Doesn't Veronica love her food?"

"Of course not." Biddy sat with the piece of pie in her hand and stared into space. "She sounds like the Blessed Damsel—or the Lady of Shalott—or something. Long clinging frocks and lilies in her hand."

He didn't like to get too far from the truth. "Well, actually she's a Waaf, you know."

She nodded. "That doesn't make any difference. These are kind of spiritual frocks and spiritual lilies. You can't see 'em—but you know that if there weren't a war that's how she'd be."

"You're right," he said eagerly. Sometimes this girl said just the things he thought in secret. "She—she's different."

She laughed, but this time it was more like a satisfied chuckle. "Oh, Tony, you're sweet. No one will ever love me like that."

"Well, the fellow who loves you, Biddy, he's not the awfully romantic type."

"No. I'm not so strong on a 'knight-at-arms alone and palely loitering.' I'd like a good-tempered fellow, with a hearty appetite, hard-working, reliable, and generous. I don't want much, do I?"

Tony took a sandwich. "I know what you mean," he said. "Got someone in mind?"

"Yes—maybe. I'm not sure." She turned to face him then and he thought it was lucky she tanned this nice golden shade and didn't peel or go red or anything.

"I've been quick this morning," she said. "The next lot are for Veronica."

"I told you—we're not engaged. Maybe she won't have me."

"She'll have you," she said softly. "What makes you so sure?"

"Woman's intuition."

That evening they stopped work in time to have their baskets weighed along with those of other pickers. In the great barn that smelt of hay and fruit and humanity. The locals hailed Tony with pleasure and the strangers looked at him with friendly smiles. "Going to have a bit of a sing-song," said someone, pointing to quantities of bread and fat bacon and jugs of cider on a trestle table at one end of the barn.

When Tony took a seat it was natural to find Biddy beside him and presently someone produced a mouth organ and they sang in a happy, unorganised manner, the music starting and dying amid laughter and talk and the occasional clatter of crockery.

"Let's dance," shouted someone. When they had cleared a space on the rough floor they decided on the lancers, and led by some of the older country women they struggled laughingly through the half-forgotten intricacies of the sets. Tony with his arm round Biddy's waist found her slim and firm and light, and she danced with such gaiety that it would have been churlish not to share her happiness.

Later they walked down the lane together under the young moon.

"Some day," he said softly, "you'll warm the cockles of some man's heart."

"Why do you say that?" she whispered.

"Because you're so glad of life." She sighed contentedly. "I hope I'll make him happy."

It would be different with Veronica. It would be his job to make her happy. He rather envied that sensible fellow who would one day marry Biddy.

"He'll be lucky," he said.

"I hope so." She touched his hand fleetingly. "Good-night," she said.

He thought about her all the way home, he thought about her a good deal during the next two weeks, and it was always she who brought the conversation back to Veronica.

Walking to and from work, picking side by side, eating under the hedge, they vied with each other in building up a picture of Veronica. Occasionally Tony had an uneasy suspicion that this creation of theirs wasn't identical with the Veronica he had known at the airfield.

They were picking diamonds now, the heavy crop of fruit hanging like clusters of enormous grapes. Their hands were stained a rich purple.

"Isn't it fun, Tony? I'd like to live like this always. Wouldn't you?"

What are you going to do after this war?"

He followed her morosely to where their tea was lying under the hedge. "Dunno," he said. "My Uncle Fred has a farm—near here. I'd planned to help him. Some day it will be mine. The old boy is a bachelor."

He sighed. "But now I don't know." She nodded sympathetically. "Veronica wouldn't like a farm?"

"For a girl—well, you don't make a lot of money and she can't have a lot of fun."

"She could," she said judiciously. He shook his head. "You see, I wouldn't even be a gentleman farmer—the kind that goes round and tells other people what they have to do. I'd have to do it myself. And she'd have to help." He sighed regretfully. "It's a good farm, too."

He took her the following evening to see the farm, a square, red brick, Georgian house that lay snugly between its protective outbuildings. Golden leaves fluttered softly down, and over the Michaelmas daisies hovered a swarm of butterflies.

Uncle Fred looked at Biddy in approval and then meaningfully from Tony to himself and back again. "Know a bit about farming, Miss Biddy?"

"Not really," she said, with an answering smile. "I'd like to learn. I thought maybe after the war I could go to one of those colleges."

Uncle Fred swept the notion aside. "Stuff and nonsense. This is the place to learn."

"But this is your farm and you'll have Tony here and—"

She turned her head swiftly. "Shall we tell him, Tony?"

Uncle Fred grinned. "Maybe you don't need to tell me, Tony?"

"Don't we?" she said innocently. "That's good. We were wondering how Veronica would take to farming."

"Veronica?" Uncle Fred looked puzzled. "I thought your name was—"

"My name is Biddy, but Veronica is Tony's girl."

"Veronica," Uncle Fred tasted it and made a face. "Mighty fancy name."

"Mighty lovely girl," she said. "You tell him, Tony."

"There's nothing to tell—yet—"

Uncle Fred. She hasn't said she'll have me."

Biddy appealed to Uncle Fred. "Course she'll have him, won't she, Mr. Marvell?"

Uncle Fred grunted. "Can't ever tell with women." He seemed disappointed. "Let's have supper."

He put Biddy at the head of the table and he made her carve. They didn't talk any more about Veronica, but all ate a good square meal, and washed it down with home-brewed cider.

When it was time to go Uncle Fred drew her aside for a moment and held her hand. "I'm sorry about that Veronica person," he whispered.

She raised her candid eyes to his. "So am I," she whispered back.

Then suddenly as it seemed, it was the Saturday that Tony had to go to Stephen Airle's party.

"I'll be back to-night, Biddy. I promised mother."

She held out her hand and gave him a firm, friendly shake. "Good luck, Tony. The best man always wins."

"Even if the other fellow has got all the dollops?"

"If that makes any difference, Tony, she isn't the right girl. Veronica wouldn't be like that—not our Veronica."

He wondered fleetingly if "his Veronica" had ever really existed outside of their imagination. "I dunno," he said doubtfully.

"Nonsense. All the luck in the world, Tony."

It seemed queer to Tony that he was going to see a flesh-and-blood Veronica at last, after two weeks'

association with a legendary Veronica, who was an abstraction of idealised womanhood. It seemed doubly queer when he saw her in the lounge of the hotel surrounded by half a dozen men and a couple of other Waafs who didn't offer any very keen competition.

She turned her head as he came in and she looked at him in faint surprise. "Why, Tony, where have you been? Handsome men are slightly sunburnt, but you've been overdoing it!"

He felt himself blushing and knew that beside the others he must look ruddy and bucolic after long hours in the open.

Stephen Airle cut in before he could answer. "Maybe you tipped over to Darkest Africa." Airle pushed a glass into his hand. "Drink that, sonny, and nip back to civilisation."

Tony drew near Veronica. "Happy birthday," he said. The ring was in his pocket, but he was not going to give it to her in front of all these people.

"Thanks, Tony." She looked at him expectantly as if she wanted to see what he had for her. There was a pause, and then she raised a slim hand and showed him an exquisite gold watch. "See what Stephen gave me."

Tony took her fingers first and then engulfed her hand. It was very cool and the bones looked small and brittle, and he felt that if he pressed hard he could crush them. He didn't press hard, he held her hand respectfully while he bent to examine the watch, but he wondered why he suddenly remembered the feel of Biddy's firm, friendly grip.

"Very nice," he said, as she released her fingers impatiently.

A waiter came up and whispered something in Stephen Airle's ear. "Fellow asks us to start lunch as the table is booked at two for a wedding party."

Veronica frowned. "That's ridiculous. I don't see why we should be hurried."

"Want me to create?" he asked. "Or do you prefer bribery?"

"I don't see why you should have to do either. Let the others wait. After all, you booked the table—"

"A wedding. Have a heart, Veronica," said someone.

"Whose birthday party is this?" asked Veronica. "If you're all afraid of a waiter I'm not—"

Stephen Airle put a hand under her arm. "Shut up, pet," he said softly, but firmly. "There's roast duck. Gets ruined if it's kept waiting."

She looked up at him out of those heavenly blue eyes, and Tony thought how well she fitted all those romantic pictures that he and Biddy had drawn. She looked the part, only she didn't play it right.

"Anything you say, Stephen." She allowed herself to be led into the dining-room.

After lunch they all moved back to the lounge and someone began to strum the piano, and through a cloud of tobacco smoke they sang. Tony's mind went back to a night in the barn when they had sung amid the smell of hay and early apples, with the sunbeams making shafts of gold through the chinks in the woodwork.

If he caught the three-thirty he would be back in time for the weighing in the barn. They were picking cultivated hazel nuts. It made your thumbs sore. He wondered how many Biddy had managed to pick. The last nuts on the tree were hard to find. Twenty-five pounds to the sack. Tony took a sort of pride in the fact that he hadn't forgotten these things.

He glanced surreptitiously at his watch. He could just do it if he went now. He'd say good-bye to Airle and slip out. Airle was standing near the door.

"Grand party," he murmured. "Got to catch a train. I report back Monday."

Airle looked at him, puzzled. "Aren't you going to say good-bye to Veronica?"

Tony looked back. She was standing by the piano, well hedged in by young men in Air Force blue. "She's busy. She won't notice."

For the first time the two men exchanged a smile of understanding.

It was only when he was in the train that Tony realised that he had done nothing about the ring. He

pulled it out and looked at it. The tawny topaz in its setting of gold winked up at him.

The sacks of nuts were being weighed when he got to the barn. He perched in a corner and waited. It smelt good, the flying dust and broken twigs and leaves; he liked the sound of rough voices, and the clank as the weights were changed on the machine.

Presently they were all gone, except Biddy, who stood smiling beside him, a yellow handkerchief round her head, her faded cotton frock open at the neck, her legs brown and bare. She perched on an empty corn bin, ready to listen.

"How'd it go?" she prompted. Then she laid a hand for a moment on his arm. "I know it was all right. You don't look downcast or anything."

Out of his pocket he pulled the ring in its faded red case. He clicked it open. "Like it?" he asked.

"It's lovely. Why did you bring it back?"

For a moment he did not speak. Outside they could hear one of the old cart horses being led down the field and the man's voice talking as to a friend.

"Is she not pure gold . . . ? She wasn't." He stopped again and listened to the familiar country noises. "Biddy, you and I built up a portrait of someone who never existed. It wasn't fair to expect Veronica to measure up to that."

"Oh." A soft sound and he was unsure whether it was regret or relief.

"I wasn't in love with Veronica. I was like you, Biddy, in love with love."

"It was fun while it lasted." "You knew," he said with a shade of reproach, "that the girl we

created had nothing to do with Veronica."

She nodded. "I suppose I did know—somewhere inside me. That wasn't any girl. That was a sort of dream of what a girl might be like." She smiled suddenly. "Only it would be rather tiresome to live with a dream."

He drew her left hand through his and put the ring gently on her finger. "If the ring fits—" he whispered.

She held her hand in front of her, a small square hand, brown and hard and useful. "That's the engagement finger."

"I know that."

"Oh, Tony, are you sure?" She smiled. "You see I loved you from the start. Only I feel—" Suddenly she laughed that warm, friendly laugh that made one think there was something amusing happening. "I ought to be coy, Tony, I ought to say you can't switch that way from one girl to another. I ought to say that I don't know whether you won't switch again."

He laughed, too, and he slipped an arm round her. "Only you've too much sense. You know perfectly well that we—why we were as good as engaged from the moment we met. Veronica was only—only someone who drew us together."

"I always did like Veronica." She laughed and sighed in one. "I'm afraid we don't sound very romantic."

He turned her head a little and his lips met hers in a long, hard kiss. "Real romance, Biddy, in fifty years of good married life. I have a kind of happy feeling that that's the way we're headed."

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when you find out what tests have proved



## Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . in just one week they look far brighter.

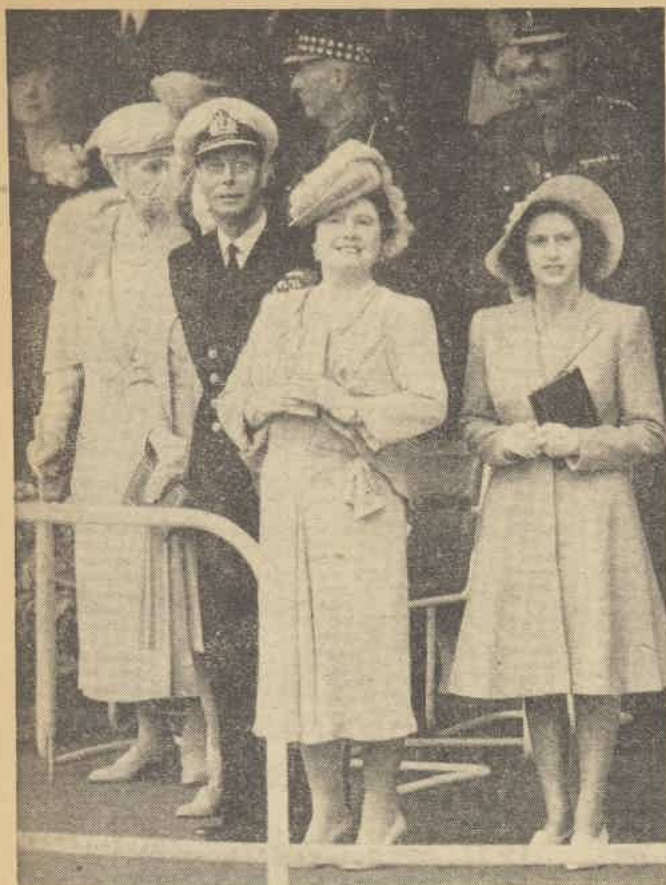


For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

PET 35



# LONDON'S DAY OUT FOR GREAT VICTORY M



**ROYAL FAMILY**, at the saluting base in The Mall, watch the fly-past of 300 R.A.F. aircraft. Queen Mary wore powder-blue, Queen Elizabeth's frock and plumed hat were violet, the two Princesses wore pale blue.



**DIST**  
**ONLOOK**  
Duchess  
cess Alex  
of Iraq  
Regent  
Field-Ma  
Minister  
is standi

**MONTY**, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, led the mechanised column which wound through huge crowds in the bombed areas of the East End.

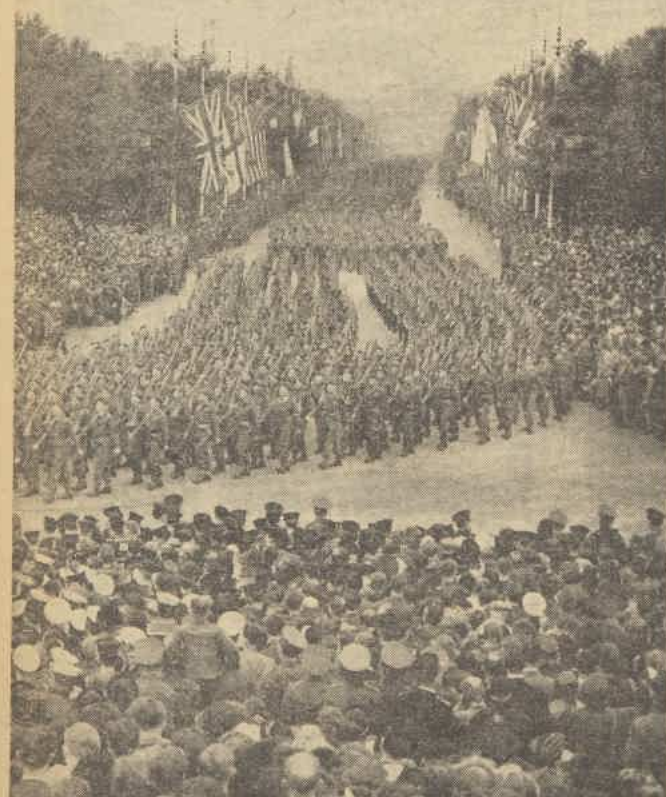


**HEROES OF TWO WAR THEATRES**, Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis and Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander South East Asia.



**SHARING THE HONORS**. Britain's peacetime Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, and great wartime leader, Mr. Churchill, on their way from Whitehall to the saluting base.

**UNNO**  
the bod



**PROUD ALLIED FLAGS** frame the ten-abreast column of marchers. In the foreground Royal Engineers turn towards Admiralty Arch.



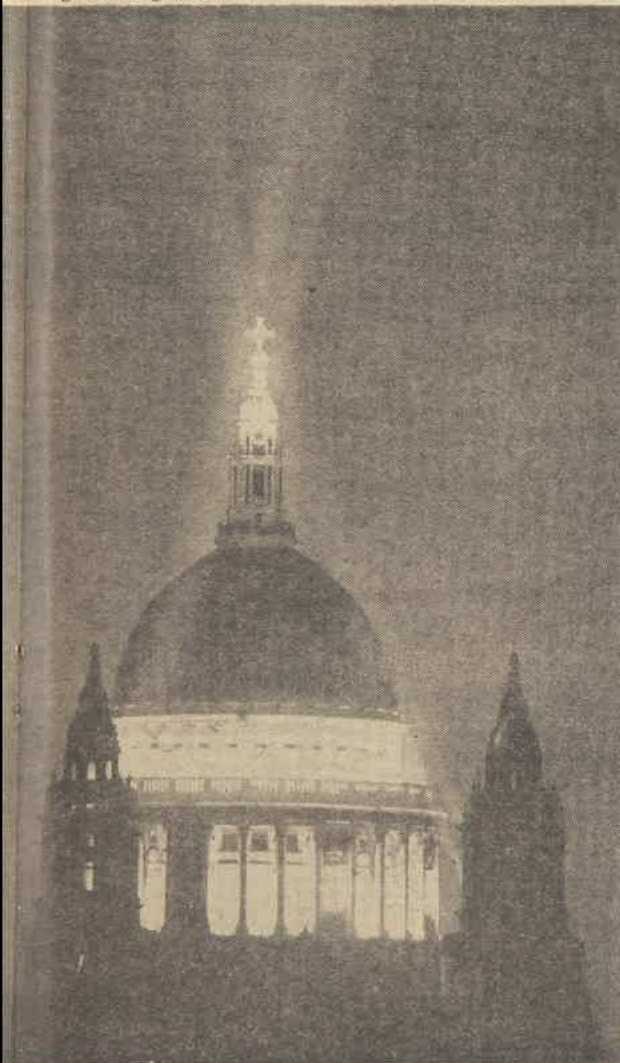
MARCH



**STINGUISHED**  
LOOKERS included the  
chess of Kent and Prin-  
s Alexandra, King Feisel  
Iraq and his uncle,  
gent Emir Abdul Illah.  
ld-Marshal Smuts, Prime  
nister of South Africa,  
standing in foreground.



**IN VICTORY PARADE**, in which 21,000 Allied troops and British civilian workers took part,  
the Australian contingent swings along The Mall, led by a soldier, sailor, and airman.



**CONQUERABLE**, St. Paul's Cathedral stood a shining sentinel among  
hoodlit buildings when London went gay with Victory fireworks.



**THOUSANDS CHEERED** as the Royal Family, in a State landau drawn by Windsor Greys, left  
Buckingham Palace to drive over the route of the marching column on Victory Day.



## Educate the adult population

IT is time the authorities woke up to the need for a more widespread and better publicised scheme of adult education in Australia, particularly in country areas.

Thanks to the sunny climate, Australians are essentially an outdoor people, but there is a dangerous tendency to place too much importance on this fact alone.

Many people seem to think that education is something which ceases at the school-leaving age.

A good job is being done by study groups, particularly in country districts, but so far they have only touched on the fringe of the problem.

What is needed is an itinerant staff of lecturers and teachers to give instruction in matters of general education and also on special subjects such as health, agriculture, forestry, and mining. State departments concerned would perhaps be prepared to direct their work.

It is certain the results would pay big practical and cultural dividends. **5/- to A. Perkins, Devon Meadows, via Cranbourne, Vic.**

### Handier jars

NOW that manufacturers are all promising us improvements, could not glass makers produce more practical containers?

No amount of ingenuity can extract the last contents from present jam, honey, and mayonnaise jars, and they are most difficult to wash. **5/- to Mrs. J. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.**

# What's on your mind?

### Shelter sheds

AFTER waiting for a tram in an unsheltered spot in winter it is humiliating, to say the least, to have to climb inside, dripping water everywhere.

Surely more shelters could be erected at tram and bus stops as a protection against the weather. Even



abandoned army huts could be put into use as passenger shelters.

**5/- to Miss M. L. Jackson, 20 Tideworth Crescent, Reade Park, S.A.**

### Younger trainees

I THINK it would be a sound idea if entrance age of nursing trainees in large public hospitals was lowered from 18 to 17. This has been done in Victoria and Tasmania, and has proved highly satisfactory.

Many girls leave school with a desire to become nurses, but while awaiting their eighteenth birthdays take a good position which they are unwilling to leave later.

Many fine nurses are lost to the profession in this way.

If the girls could go straight from school into training, I am sure it would offer one solution to the present nursing shortage.

**5/- to Miss H. Pool, 49 Pacific Parade, Manly, N.S.W.**

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### Know your child

WHILE many people dabble in psychology in any form as sheer "bunk," I think it is as essential for a mother to know the rudiments of child psychology as it is for her to know how to cook, to sew, or to balance the budget.

I don't imply that she should take a deep, intensive course in the subject, but she should absorb enough practical knowledge of the child-mind to enable her to maintain happy, normal relations with her children.

With understanding, many a difficulty can be avoided by making an honest effort to get at its origin. In this way, constructive help can be given, instead of that unintentional hurt which often goes deep enough into a child's consciousness to become a permanent deterrent to the achievement of successful adult living.

**5/- to N. White, Swift St., Harden, N.S.W.**

### Belts too short

RECENTLY I walked the whole of the city trying to obtain a leather belt for myself. Everywhere I went I was told that 36 inches is the maximum length in manufacturing belts. As I am 38 inches round the waist, these definitely would not do.

If special shops stocking only outdoor wear were opened, I'm sure they would be well patronised. Also it would save many unnecessary trips round the city.

**5/- to Miss M. O'Shea, Main Road, Diamond Creek, Vic.**

### Jazz town

FOR those who are jazz-minded, how about starting a "Jazz Town" somewhere out in the country where young people could go away for week-ends and holidays?

The houses should be prefabricated, painted all colors of the rainbow, clothes gaudy and extreme.



entertainment mad and noisy, food eaten at snack bars, and boogie-woogie and jitterbugging the rule for dancing.

Of course this would be only for youth. Older people might have a "Classic Town," but by all means let's have a jazz centre where the young moderns can let themselves go to their heart's content.

**5/- to Mrs. Helen Ruff, 16 Redmyre Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.**

### Country kindergartens

WHY can't we have Government-sponsored kindergartens throughout the major country towns?

While living in the city I was able to send my four-year-old child to a kindergarten during the period of the day in which I was away at work. Since coming to the country I have been unable to do this, and find I must depend on the generosity of neighbors to look after my baby.

I am sure there must be other widows and mothers in a similar predicament. Surely while we have to work to support our children and ourselves, something could be done to assist us in this urgent need of country kindergartens.

**5/- to Mrs. F. R. Sleader, Box 105, Whyalla P.O., S.A.**

## Torn pages in public phone books

I WONDER just how many people walk into a public phone box requiring Emergency or Service numbers and find the front pages of the telephone directory, which contain these numbers, tattered or missing.

As they are subject to so much wear, could not these important pages be printed on thicker paper, or placed in the centre of the directory, where they would always be available.

What a help it would also be if detailed plans of the city and suburbs were printed in phone directories. They would be welcomed not only by visitors but by the local residents.

**5/- to V. Reynolds, Milne St., Clayfield, Brisbane.**

### Happier wash

WHY is it that housewives so often have to make do with two-compartment wash-tubs these days?

Many home laundries have ample room for three compartments, but invariably one finds the smaller size installed.

Not only does it make the washing a much lengthier job, but it wastes water. Most housewives like to rinse the clothes twice between the copper and the "blue," but this means a lot of emptying and filling of the troughs with fresh water if there are only two compartments.

Cost of the additional trough is negligible compared with the amount of time and labor, not to mention water, saved.

**5/- to Mrs. C. Fletcher, 275 Esplanade, Henley, S.A.**

### The male learns

DOMESTIC labor shortage has brought about a great change in the topics of conversation at male club luncheons.

Often the enthusiastic passing-on of domestic hints reminds one of a female social afternoon. For instance, at our club, as a result of a recent dinner, there is much scrounging round for odd pieces of linoleum suitable for table-mats.

As one chap remarked, "The mats are attractive and save using a tablecloth when the family is dining alone. A tablecloth every day or so makes the washing too heavy."

Thus men learn that domestic chores are not the easiest of work. **5/- to George Gray, c/o 395 Kent St., Maryborough, Qld.**



**HE NEARLY WROTE HIMSELF OFF**



A LINE OF SATAN, MASTER ROD IS TO INHERIT UNCLE'S WAD



"ONLY A MODEL CHILD CAN RISE TO LEAD THIS NOBLE ENTERPRISE."



BUT DIRTY HANDS EARN UNK'S DISGUST ... ROD'S FUTURE CRUMBLES INTO DUST



"YOU CLEANED WITH SOLVOL SMART, BY GAD! A FITTING MEAL FOR ME, MY LAD!"

### Solvof shifts grime faster

Solvof cleans hands quicker, easier, more thoroughly than ordinary soaps ever can. You see, Solvof has a more penetrating lather, a special lather that routs all kinds of dirt. Get Solvof to-morrow and in only 30 seconds see how much cleaner Solvof gets the dirtiest pair of hands!



\$1.28.19

## Five U.S. ways to cure insomnia

By radio from our New York office

So you can't sleep? United States scientists, doctors, and technicians have linked hands and fortunes to ensure that you shall spend that bedtime third of your life in dreamland.

AS an article in Liberty Magazine comments, if you're 48 you've spent about sixteen years in the hay. And they should have been sixteen years spent in restoring energy.

Thomas Edison in his latter years needed only four hours' sleep in each 24, but Edison was Edison, and anyhow he probably kept awake all the time inventing the phonograph, which is one of the latest scientific aids to sleep.

The latest aids to sleep on the market in New York are:

● A specially designed and shaped pillow-like rests. There's one to place under the knees and one for under the head and shoulders, and a pair which hold the arms above the coverlet level. But salesgirls don't explain what happens if you roll over, as you may if you don't like the look of the ceiling.

● "Heartbreak pillow." It's designed in the shape of a heart and is moisture-proof so you can weep into it until you're unconscious.

● A solid rubber ball which is affixed to a "V" in the back of your night attire. It's designed for girls who snore when they sleep on their backs. You can't get that way if you wear the ball.

● If none of these works it's recommended you try a lullaphone. It's a sort of musical box which tinkles the same tune over and over again. Sheer boredom induces sleep, it's argued. It's the old idea of counting sheep, but a sweeter refrain.

● Finally there's a phonographic device which plays nursery rhymes to put you in a mood of childhood bliss.

If that fails you can just stay awake and recall your past life.

If it's been good you'll sleep. If not, you don't deserve to.





She's a darling—  
Mother's running late  
but Jenny knows you  
get a quick shine  
with NUGGET . . . . .  
she has seen mother  
clean her shoes  
many a time . . .

**'NUGGET'**  
**SHOE POLISH**

**FOR 50 YEARS—A GOOD POLISH**



## BANISH the agony of TIRED ACHING FEET!



My wonder I almost decided to stay in town! Walking on the crowded pavements was such agony—my poor feet were swollen and ached in the time.



So I tried Rexona. That night after bathing my feet, I massaged them all over with that cool, soothing cream. It was amazing how quickly the dreadful pain disappeared.

Now I thoroughly enjoy a day in town with my friends! A little Rexona rubbed into my feet each morning keeps them cool and comfortable the whole day long.

THE RAPID HEALER  
**Rexona**  
1/6 OINTMENT  
A JAR (Box of 6)  
Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

DUMONT rebled, "Ten thousand net plus tax. When would you like to have it?"

"Don't bother," said Jonathan. "My chauffeur'll pick it up in a few minutes. Gustav Anderson, tall fellow, grey-green livery, thick Swedish accent."

"Thank you very much. I think it's going to be a deal."

He hung up, wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He wasn't the man he used to be. There had been years when he had only perspired when it was hot.

He left the booth and walked a few blocks along Madison Avenue. He wanted to give them time to call up Mr. Ballard's office. But Jonathan was perfectly safe. Mr. Ballard wouldn't be there. He'd be approaching the Plaza by this time for his daily cocktail date with Mrs. Albert. And if they checked about the chauffeur, Ballard's man was a Swede named Gustav Anderson. Jonathan played everything very safe. He even went into a stationery store to get paper and string.

Jonathan had been right in his guess as to Mr. Ballard's whereabouts. He was, at this very moment, walking along Fifth Avenue toward the Plaza. But he didn't look like a man who was about to have a charming rendezvous with the woman of his heart. And for a very simple reason. Mr. Ballard was getting bored to the seams by his daily meetings with her, his evening with her, in a word—with her. And he had determined to do something about it—something final.

He was going to tell her to-day—now—that it was over, and in order to assuage the pain a little he was going to send her a leave-taking gift. Probably that emerald bracelet he had seen in Dumont's. That

## The Emerald Bracelet

Continued from page 7

should keep her from being a nuisance. He'd decide definitely in the morning.

The morning! Suddenly the thought struck him—the morning—to-morrow—would be his wedding anniversary! Ten years! That beautiful gift should be going to his wife, whom he was just beginning to appreciate, instead of being used to buy his way out of a possible mess!

Jonathan knocked at the door of Mr. Dumont's office. Mr. Dumont was sitting at his desk.

"I come from Mr. Ballard," he said, with just a touch of the Swedish accent. "Gustav Anderson—his chauffeur."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Dumont—and it was as simple as that! The package, already wrapped and sealed, lay on Mr. Dumont's desk. After signing the memo, "James Ballard, by G. Anderson," Jonathan took the package and walked out.

It started to rain as he reached the car. What he intended to do was to re-wrap the bulky little package—it was just too large for any of his pockets—drive over to the Grand Central Station and check it there, to be called for whenever he was sure there was no suspicion attached to him. He wasn't going to be found with a ten-thousand-dollar emerald bracelet in his possession. He hadn't kept out of jail all these years for nothing. Still, he was a little worried. He had opened the door to Mr. Dumont's office.

As he got to the car he was surprised to see Mrs. Albert already sitting in it, waiting for him. This was unexpected—not ominous, but he'd have to attend to the checking business later.

"I'm sorry," he said, opening the door.

"I was finished early," she said. "Please gather these together for me." She had collected quite a few parcels and they were strewn over the floor of the car.

"Yes, madam," he said, and, as he got the things together, he placed his own little package among them. He could pick it up later when he carried her things into the house. He wasn't worried. In fact, it was rather good that this specially important package received a certain anonymity among the things she had bought.

He got into the driver's seat, drove to Madison and then up the next street to Fifth, where he had to stop for a light signal.

But at this moment someone waved desperately to Mrs. Albert. The rain had started to fall hard and among the group of women who were waiting on the corner for taxis was Mrs. Ballard. Mrs. Albert's car would be a life-saver. "Give me a lift, won't you?" she said.

"Of course!" said Mrs. Albert cordially. If she had to run into Mrs. Ballard, better here than the cocktail-room of the Plaza. Mrs. Ballard opened the door of the car and ducked in. "What a day!" she said. "Could you possibly drive me home? It's only about ten blocks."

"Of course," said Mrs. Albert again and pushed aside the packages so that Mrs. Ballard could be comfortable. As she did so, the bulky little one, with the name, "Mr. James Ballard and Sons, Jewels" in the corner, came into view, face up.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Ballard. "How did that get here?"

Mrs. Albert, for a moment, was frankly puzzled. But only for a moment. She thought she knew what must have happened. Mr. Ballard must have left it in the car on one of the many evenings they went for a drive together while Mr. Albert was busy at the office—and then forgotten about it! It had probably been pushed under the seat and now had got jumbled up with the things she had bought. One thing she couldn't do would be to seem puzzled. Then, there would be no explaining it away.

"Oh, yes!" she said brightly, as Mrs. Ballard weighed the package in her hand thoughtfully. "He—Mr. Ballard—asked Jonathan to pick it up at Dumont's. I was going to drop it at the house for him." She called to the driver's seat: "Thanks, Jonathan, for stopping off for it. I thought you had forgotten."

"Not at all, madam," said Jonathan, driving straight ahead. There was a twinkling gleam on the back of his neck.

"You know what it is?" said Mrs. Ballard, her eyes dancing with expectation. "It's my anniversary gift! I'm sure! And I thought he'd forgotten all about it!" She was already tearing at the wrappings. She opened the case and gasped.

"An emerald bracelet!" cried Mrs. Ballard. "Just what I've been dying for!"

"It's beautiful," said Mrs. Albert. They were in front of the house by now. "I can't wait to put it on!" said Mrs. Ballard. "Instead of waiting till he gives it to me. I'll just flash it on him when he comes in! What a darling he is!" She ran up the steps like a little girl.

Mrs. Albert was sitting in the car in a cold fury. A bracelet like that—to his own wife! After all the things he'd been telling her! She was the one who should be getting the emerald bracelet!

"To the Plaza?" Jonathan was asking.

"No, Jonathan," she said. "I've decided to—cancel my engagement!"

"Yes, madam," said Jonathan quietly.

For Jonathan had come to a decision too. He had been perspiring again, and three times in one day was too much. There was really nothing wrong with being a chauffeur. It was an easy job and well paid. He thought he'd probably stick at it from now on. The past was the past.

It was poor Mr. Ballard who had a headache for four straight days, trying to figure out how it all happened. But it really didn't matter. His life had somehow been miraculously simplified.

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He'll be tall dark and handsome...and he'll insist you use RINSO



Almost everyone knows  
**RINSO'S RICHER THICKER SUDS**  
get the whole wash dazzling



RINSO FOR SUXS AND WOOLIES... ALL THE WASH I SAY, IT SAVES THE CLOTHES AND SAVES ME, TOO!

RINSO SPEEDS WASHING-UP AS WELL! IT DISSOLVES GREASE, LEAVES DISHES SPARKLING IN HALF THE TIME

## NEW YORK ROUND-UP

### Special perfume for Love, honor and obey

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Perfume manufacturers are cashing in on the sentiments which go with June—the traditional month of marriages in America.

THEY advocate the use of a distinctive type of perfume for the ceremony, arguing that it's a known fact that memories are often evoked through associations with tangible sounds and tastes and odors.

"If you've been in the habit of using just one perfume so that it has become identified with you, switch to another for the day," perfume makers say.

"Then it will be associated forever with love, honor, and obey."

"Choose a light scent, preferably floral, and make it a fine one."

Perfume boosters may be expected to suggest next that this "perfume memory" idea may help to reduce the divorce rate, which is galloping to a new high.

ally in front to wear about your shoulders as you sit on the beach."

IRENE of Hollywood, takes a long view—both in the sense of time and dress.

This fashion designer predicts that skirts are due to get longer and will be dusting the floors by 1949.

"Next year they'll almost reach the ankles," says the MGM stylist.

But there's still hope.

Irene says hemlines may go down, but necklines will drop with them—not, she adds hastily, that they can go much lower.

DANTON WALKER, New York "Daily News" columnist, comments that the real reason most women don't look well in slacks is because there's usually too much woman and hardly ever enough slack.

A NEW YORK fashion writer says: "Girls, you'll soon be wearing: A dancing ballerina, with a tiny round watch suspended from one of her slippers, to pin on your lapel for the newest timepiece. . . . Black satin bows on the back of the hand on some new, long black queue gloves to wear with your dressiest cocktail clothes. . . . Sun tippets—new, striped, triangular-shaped scarves, with a point dipping below the waist at the back and the ends tied casually

AN Ohio firm is about to market a fly-swatter which perfumes the air as it swats.

ONE of the elephants in Ringling Brothers' Circus is on a diet—he's eating like a horse.

Another elephant is on strike—he's tired of working just for peanuts.

And the half-man, half-woman is sick.

She's not been feeling quite himself lately.



## MIKE BRONSON

turned his head. "You cannot leave all human accomplishment behind you," he said. "For instance, two people cannot be together on the most remote island in the ocean without the instant and spontaneous birth of law."

"The young man," said Kelsey, turning to her father, "talks textbook language."

"The young man," retorted Mike, "talks facts. Place two men in the loneliest cabin on the highest mountain, and the first thing they are compelled to do is to agree what each may do and what each must not do. Each gives up some fraction of his natural right to do as he pleases, but he gets a return for it."

"What return?" asked Kelsey. "The security of both of them," said Mike, "and a certain amount of harmony, and probably his life. If a third person moves in, it multiplies the necessity for law and increases the number of rules and restrictions."

"So," Kelsey said, "this expedition of ours, for instance, is not a voyage into freedom?"

"It is not a voyage into licence," said Mike.

Kelsey settled back in her corner of the seat and braced her feet against the lurching of the car. It was half an hour before anyone spoke again. Mike Bronson brooded in the front seat and Mr. Bobbs smoked numerous cigars without satisfaction. It was he who broke the silence.

"The Limey," he said, "is a queer duck."

"He's as good a topic as any," said Kelsey. "Let's take him apart."

"He contradicts himself," Bobbs said, knitting his brow. "He's comical. He's a haw-haw Englishman. But I never saw a haw-haw Englishman before who wasn't clumsy. The Limey isn't clumsy. I've watched him. He makes every movement count. He's deft. His talk is silly, but he carries himself like a precision machine. And he makes his points."

"What points?" Kelsey asked.

"He wanted to come with us. Good-

## Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 9

ness knows why. Well, here he is. Now, why did he want to come?"

"To see the sights," Kelsey suggested.

Bobbs shook his head, and said, "He does things for good reason. What's he doing in America anyhow? How did he get here and where from?"

Kelsey wondered that herself. She was better informed than her father. She had seen—was sure she had seen—the Limey's eyeglass glint in the night as he supervised the looting of a store. He had been directing a dozen men. Who were these men? What were they planning to do with the food they had stolen?

For the first time, doubts assailed Kelsey as to the wisdom of conceal-

ing what she thought she had seen. If she had told Mike about it, Cavendish would not now be a member of the party. Mike never would have taken the risk of bringing along a man about whom there was so large a question.

"Could it be," asked her father, "that he's working for Skillman?"

"He certainly helped to demolish some of Skillman's troops," she said. "If he hadn't come along, Mike Bronson would be in a hospital, or worse, instead of here on the job. There wouldn't be any expedition."

"Might," said Bobbs, "have been a way of ingratiating himself with us. Lulling our suspicions."



"We hadn't any suspicions," Kelsey answered. "That was no faked scrimmage. Cavendish socked and he kicked. It wasn't an act. Maybe he did it to worm himself into our confidence, but he didn't do it for Skillman."

"I like him," Mike said sententiously.

"But even you," Kelsey said tartly, "could be fooled."

The last little town had been left behind. The supplies for the expedition had been transferred from motor truck to a high-sided, canvas-topped wagon drawn by four horses. The cavalcade strung along, mounted on sturdy ponies born and trained among the rocks, so that they were as sure-footed as the deer that ranged the mountainsides.

Their next contact with anything that resembled a populated spot would be Kayenta.

Kelsey rode at a walk beside Mr. Povah, who spattered the rocks with tobacco juice, and pried industriously into her private affairs. His method was the direct, unabashed question.

"How old be ye?" he wanted to know.

"Twenty-one," Kelsey told him, unsmiling, though amused.

"Hain't never been married?"

"No. Have you?"

His bright little eyes opened at her with astonishment. "Who? Me? I been married a sight of times, to different kinds of winnin. Whenever it come handy. I married me a couple Injuns, a Swede woman, an Irish, a Mexican or so. Yeah, I'm most gen'ally married, but at the minute I'm kind of betwixt and between."

"Then," she said, "you approve of matrimony?"

"It's a dee-vice," Mr. Povah said, as one who offers a profound truth. "Like, say, a monkey wrench or a hayfork. Comes in all-fired handy when ye want it, 'n' when ye don't ye kin hang it on to a peg 'n' go off about your business."

## SILENTLY, Kel-

sey reflected that this was a quaint, utilitarian idea of the institution, worth considerable thought upon the part of a young woman. She wondered how common this viewpoint was to men, but before she could ask, Povah propounded another question.

"Do you," he asked, "ever get feelin's?"

"What sort of feelings?"

"Kind of forebodin' ones," he said. "Now, my ma was a practical woman, but she was subject to spells. When her hands got numb, she knowed suthin' discommodin' was agoin' to happen. It's come on to me two-three times. All the mornin' my hands has felt kind of heavy like. Huh... I wish them Injuns hadn't of quit on us."

"Why?"

"They sense things," he said vaguely. "For the last hour or so, suthin's been apulin' my head round to look over my shoulder. Like somethin' was a-sneakin' up on to me. Hain't noticed anythin', have ye?"

"No," she said, but involuntarily she twisted her head to look back over the road.

"If them Injuns was here," Povah said, "I'd post one of 'em back here in the rocks to watch."

"Who would be following us?"

"We're a-follerin' somethin', hain't we?" he asked. "This here Skillman feller. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. He stole this of man Kelly off'n you, didn't he? And we calc'late to steal him back again. He's aheadin' out to find this here ore body, and so be we. He'll tamper with our plans 'n' we'll tamper with him. All."

He finished, "leadin' up to violence." He paused an instant. "Who's this here Limey?" he asked.

"I haven't the least idea."

Povah grunted. "On this here kind of a caper," he said, "I don't like to have anybody along I don't know all about. My hands is fair pricklin'."

Please turn to page 33

## War-time Marriage

DON AND THELMA SEEMED FATED TO DRIFT APART, THEN...



W.158.B1



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**FOR PIES**





# Land of the Torrecones

Continued from page 31

PRESENTLY the road widened out into a valley that stretched level a mile from cliff to cliff. Kelsey kicked her mount with the spurs and from pure delight urged him to a gallop. The horse responded, entering into the spirit of the thing for a quarter of a mile before she turned him and dashed back to the wagon, where she brought him to a sliding stop. It had exhilarated her. She glowed.

Mike swung his horse to face her. "Don't do that again," he said curtly. Sheer surprise held her silent for a moment, and then mutinous anger flared.

"Maybe you've forgotten," she said. "My name is Kelsey Bobbs. I'm not the cook."

"I'm quite aware of who you are," he said. "Don't do it again."

"I enjoyed it. The horse enjoyed it. I shall do it again whenever I want to and there is an opportunity." Her eyes flamed at him through the tinted lenses of her spectacles. "I'll do it right now."

She started to swing her horse, to prick him with the spurs, but he leaned forward and grasped her bridle. Their knees touched.

"Let go," she said.

"No."

Kelsey stood up in her stirrups and swung the palm of her hand against his cheek. His face turned white, except for the cheek her hand had struck, but he did not release his grip. When he spoke, his voice was low, controlled, unburied.

"Miss Bobbs," he said, "we walk our horses because it is wise to do so. We never gallop unless there is necessity. A moment may come when we will need all the reserve strength a horse has to give. A lamed horse would be a grave inconvenience, and a lamed rider would be a calamity. If you do so again, your horse will be taken from you and you will ride in the wagon."

His hand opened and he released her bridle. Then, without another word, he turned and rode forward, his back erect, his shoulders square. Kelsey glared after him. She bit her lip in humiliation. Then she was ashamed. She recognised the reasonableness of what he had said to her, was humiliated that she had so far forgotten her dignity as to strike him. But he should never know it—never.

She dropped back, and presently Mr. Povah's nasal voice was speaking.

"He should 'a' taken a broom-handle to ye," he said conversationally. "That there young feller 'a' headin' for woman trouble. Ye got to start out by makin' a woman respect ye, by dad! He shud 'a' shook your teeth loose. That would 'a' settled things for good."

"Maybe with a squaw," Kelsey said bitterly.

"The' hain't no difference betwixt you 'n' a squaw," said Mr. Povah mildly, "except that she's more useful 'n' you bathe oftener." He lifted his face and sniffed. Then he spurred forward to Mike Bronson's side. "The's the reek of rain in the air," he said.

Mike looked round the cloudless horizon. Far to the right were slender pinnacles of rock, standing like man-made obelisks, drenched in brilliant sunlight. At the left were rosy cliffs rising sheer for hundreds of feet. Ahead was sand and sand and sand, white, almost trackless, in which the road all but disappeared.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"I hain't ever sure it's agoin' to rain till I feel it on my face," Povah said. "But this'll be a nasty spot to get ketchin' in it."

"What's ahead?" Mike asked. "Do we climb out of this sand?"

"How shud I know?" Povah asked. "We got a right to hurry 'n' hope. Come to a downpour and this here place could be a river or a lake before ye kin spit."

Mike looked at the heavily loaded wagon. Its four horses strained. The wheels crunched and cut ruts in the deep sand, and the wagon lurched and creaked. It was necessary to stop at frequent intervals to rest the horses, and haste was impossible.

"What," asked Mike, "would you advise?"

"Keep apluggin'," said Povah. "Mebby we'll get a break of luck."

In an hour the sun seemed less brilliant, and the moving air took on a penetrating coldness. Then

the sky was no longer blue, and a sort of mist obscured the heavens. But before the first drop fell the break of luck came. The track left the floor of the gorge. The horses strained and lathered up the steep incline. Underfoot was rock, uneven but solid, rutted but climbing.

Mike breathed more freely. Another half-mile brought them to a break in the rock wall that widened into a little canyon dotted with gnarled cedars, but firm of floor, and safe from flood. Into this the wagon swung.

On the western side, fifty feet above the floor of the canyon, there was a shelf, and, giving off the shelf, a break in the red rock wall which might be a cave of depth, with promise of shelter. Once they reached that and carried bedrolls and provisions to its floor they should have shelter.

Less than half an hour later, the world was blotted out by rain so heavy that the eye could not penetrate it for more than a few yards. But the party was safe and dry in a solid rock cave. Only the horses and wagon, with its canvas cover tightly lashed, were left in the open to endure the fury of the storm.

Fire crackled and blazed, and Kelsey, chilled to the bone, crouched beside it, stretching out her ungloved hands to its warmth.

"What a cozy little home," she said to Mike, thus offering the olive branch.

"Glad you like it," he answered.

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"We may be here for days or for weeks," he smiled at her wryly. "You can't call a taxicab and go home."

"If," she answered, "I had a magic carpet, I'd use it as a blanket." She sank back on her elbow. "There's no spot on earth I'd rather be than here."

She sat down on her bedroll, an extra blanket about her shoulders. A grey curtain had closed down over the half-moon opening of the cave, shutting them in from a world drenched and invisible. She never had seen such a deluge of rain.

Across the fire from her, the Limey's monocle glittered each time he moved his head. Her father suffered discomfort in silence and smoked infernal cigars. Mike Bronson stirred about, checking supplies, seeing to it that they were safely disposed, and saying a word to each of the men. Presently he found a seat between Kelsey and her father and lighted his pipe.

"How long?" asked Mr. Bobbs.

Mike shook his head. "Several days before it will be safe to move," he said. "Depends on the duration of the rain. Have to wait for the roads to dry out and the creeks to subside."

A little desultory talk followed while the cook busied himself preparing supper, and soon afterwards each member of the party crawled into his bedroll, exhausted by a day's hard ride, and all were soon asleep and the cave unmissable with an assortment of snores.

In the morning, the rain had abated to a drizzle. Before noon, the skies were clear again and the sun was shining.

Kelsey walked to the edge of the shelf and stood peering out of the mouth of the box canyon upon a land which seemed to be not of this world, but of some strange, magic planet.

Pinnacles of strange shapes lifted themselves in flaming purples; mighty cliffs shifted their colors momentarily under the climbing sun. There were combinations of color so lovely, so eccentric, that no human mind could have planned them.

It awed her, made her feel infinitesimally minute. But one sensation they communicated to her that was welcome, and that was cleanness. She felt as if she had been washed and purified within and without. Her soul caught a glimpse of eternity.

The floor of the box canyon was a quagmire in which the men floundered about, seeing to horses and such equipment as it had been impossible to carry to the shelter of the cave. Far below was a rushing torrent where yesterday had been a ribbon of white, powdery sand. The air sang.

From her vantage point she could see saddle-blankets spread on the rocks, horses nuzzling for sparse grass, Mr. Povah rubbing away at harness, straps, and the general activities of a party such as this, engaged in putting things to right after a storm. Movement toward the mouth of the canyon caught her eye. It was the Limey, and Kelsey would have made a sizable bet that he had not got so much as a flick of mud on his polished boots. He seemed to be edging toward the crack in the sandstone walls that gave egress to the road that had brought them here, and presently he disappeared round the shoulder of rock.

Curiously—something stronger than curiosity—moved Kelsey. She scrambled down from the floor of the cave and picked her way among fallen rocks along the wall, where she could walk dry of foot, to the portal of the canyon. Here, before exposing herself, she stood listening and peering. The Limey had turned to the right. Kelsey made her way swiftly across the couple of hundred feet that stretched between jaw and jaw, and crouched behind a great red rock.

In a moment, she made out the figure of the Limey. He had climbed and now stood in stark silhouette against the sky on top of a rounded boulder. Then he did a strange thing. He commenced to move his arms in jerky, precise movements, as if he were taking some lonely, rhythmic setting-up exercise. But he used only his arms.

The movements were stiff, precise, like the action of an automaton. They seemed to click. To click! Kelsey thought of the clicking of a telegraph instrument. The movements were not haphazard. They followed a pattern. Then she knew what she was seeing. It was semaphore. The Limey was signalling; he was sending a message by code into the fastness below and to the east of his position.

It was startling. Either the man had gone mad, or he was amusing himself senselessly by practicing an exercise, or he was trying to communicate with some person to her invisible.

The Limey was an odd duck, but he was not mad. He might be eccentric, but she did not think he would seek out a lonely rock just for the business of exercising his arms or of practicing some Boy Scout routine. He was talking to someone. This scene had some connection with that other thing she had spied upon in Gallup at the looting of the grocery store.

The Limey's back was toward her, so Kelsey ventured to move forward, keeping in the concealment of the tumbled rocks. Presently she crouched a hundred feet below the man, where she could peer through a V-shaped opening between two riven boulders.

Please turn to page 35

## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

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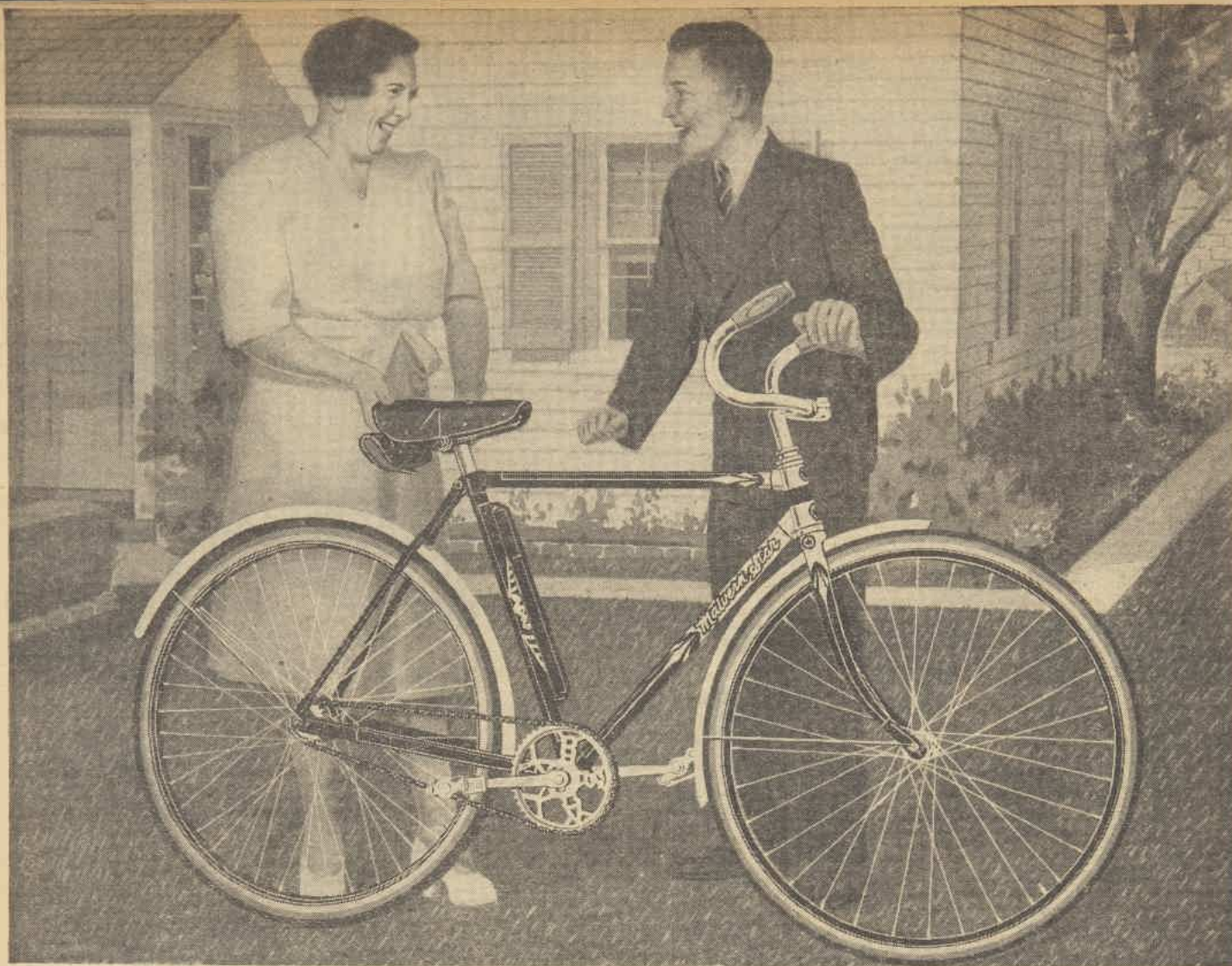
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## Land of the Torreones

THEN, half a mile away, standing atop of another boulder, she saw another man, tiny but clearly visible against the sky. And he was making motions with his arms—stiff, staccato, purposeful gyrations in reply to Cavendish.

As she watched, the distant individual made a final movement, as if to put a period to his sending, and, leaping down from his vantage point, disappeared. She heard the Limey scrambling above her, and made herself small in her place of concealment.

He came down the steep slope, monocle gleaming in his eye, face expressionless and vacuous. As he passed, she could have tossed a pebble at his feet, but she did not move.

He went leisurely past her, down to the edge of the obliterated road, and disappeared through the portal of the canyon.

Kelsey waited a full five minutes before she followed. When she entered the hidden valley again, the Limey was at the wagon, helping Povah to grease an axle from which the wheel had been removed. Povah!

It was Povah who had complained of a numbness in his hands which presaged ill-fortune. Povah's psychic powers had not played him false.

Lurking in the canyons and ravines of the mountains behind them were men who followed the expedition, men whose presence was known to the Limey, and with whom he found it necessary to communicate.

Kelsey sat on a rock and brooded. What did it mean? Who were these men and what was their purpose in dogging the expedition? Were they hired by Skillman to frustrate it? And who was the Limey who, that night in Gallup, had seemed to be their commander?

Also the question was imperative: What should she do about it? Would it be wise to pretend ignorance, or would it be her duty to disclose what she had seen to Mike Bronson?

Continued from page 33

Would it be better to pin down the Limey and ask pointed questions?

She suddenly thought that any action on her part might precipitate matters—if there were matters to be precipitated. They were a tiny party, remote from all law. In Gallup, she had seen many men—three times the number of the party in the canyon. Against them, if they came to do violence, they would be helpless. And so far they had done nothing but follow at a distance, making no threat, committing no overt act of enmity.

It might be that nothing would happen if she did not cause it to happen by raising the alarm. The Limey undoubtedly would deny. He might be more plausible than she, and she would be made to look foolish because she had had an attack of nerves and had seen things that did not exist.

She saw Povah and the Limey replace the wagon wheel and screw on the nut. Povah straightened and stretched, said something to Cavendish, and then squashed across the flat, coming in a direct line toward her. He stopped and peered down at her with shrewd little eyes.

"I seen the Limey hyper out kind of skyline," he said. "Yeah. And then I seen you foller him."

"So?" said Kelsey.

NOT at all rebuffed by Kelsey's tone, Povah went on calmly: "Ye didn't act like ye was agoin' out to keep no social date with him, but I wouldn't state positive. All the same, if it was a social date, I jest want to advise ye again it. Me bein' a sort of chaperon, like ye might say. If 'twan't no rendezvous behind a rock, then I'd sort of like to know what fur ye follered him, and what ye seen, if any. What say?"

Kelsey resented his questioning, his tone, his satiric manner.

"What do I say?" she asked acidly.

"I say, Mr. Povah, that it would be

very nice indeed if you minded your own business."

He did not shrug. "I hope," he said, dryly, "ye don't never have reason to wish that I didn't. But I calculate that ye will."

Kelsey was not comfortable as she sat on her bedroll and considered. She had rebuffed Mr. Povah, and she should not have rebuffed him. It might be well that Mike Bronson would rebuff her if she went to him with her story, but Povah would have listened and would have known what to do. He had his own suspicions.

She got up from her place to see her father's advice.

"Dad," she said, "as man to man, what's your opinion of the Limey?"

"Typical remittance man," he said promptly. "Family in England wanted to get rid of him. Shipped him here to get him off their hands. What stirs up our curiosity?"

She told him what she had seen in Gallup, of the raid on the remote store, of the glitter in the darkness that could be a monocle.

Mr. Bobbs shook his head. "Probably some perfectly natural explanation. You're by no means certain the man was Cavendish." He paused and considered the matter.

"He was a stranger in Gallup. He arrived only a couple of days before we did, and knew nobody. No, Kelsey, I think you let your imagination run away from you."

"But just now," she said, "I saw something else. I saw him sending semaphore signals to someone in the distance. And whoever it was answered the signals."

"Who would he be signalling to? Not Indians," Mr. Bobbs smiled at her. "Really, my dear, I think you've been seeing spooks."

"But there's an odd chance I may be right," she said stubbornly. "Even if it's only a remote chance, shouldn't I tell Mr. Bronson?"

"He has plenty on his mind," Mr. Bobbs said, "but possibly you're right. If you really believe it. Can't do him. Come along and we'll lay it all before him."

They found Mike and drew him aside.

## Stars to visit Britain

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

WITH the growing prestige of British films, America seems to be making an effort for a more personal contact with the British movie public by sending Hollywood idols to visit England.

In addition to Elizabeth Scott, Jeanette MacDonald, Lily Pons, and her husband Andre Kostelanetz, and Academy Award winner Joan Crawford intend to appear personally in London and the provinces to meet their fans.

Joan, particularly, always has a tender spot for her British admirers.

THE late Leslie Howard's son Ronald's demobilisation after six years in the Navy was quick business, but not so quick as the way Denham Studios collared him and rushed him down for a film test.

It is for a film planned by Anatole De Gruwald, who made the Silver Standard winner, "The Way to the Stars."

Now twenty-seven, Ronald How-

"Mike," said Mr. Bobbs, "my daughter has notions. She thinks she ought to tell you."

"I'm listening," Mike said.

She repeated what she had reported to her father. Mike listened gravely if not with complete courtesy. Clearly, he placed no credence in her story, and was at little pains to conceal his complete unbelief and his impatience with feminine vagaries of imagination.

"You really think you saw these things?" he asked.

"Otherwise I would not have told you," she said.

"Miss Bobbs," he said, "I am faced by definite facts that will keep my hands full. I've no doubt you think you saw what you say you have seen. But it is absurd on the face of it."

She compressed her lips to restrain angry words. Then she said coldly: "At least, as leader of this party, you will keep your eye on the Limey."

"As leader of this party," he said, "I shall keep my eyes on everybody."

To be continued

ard bears a charming likeness to his father, with the same fair, wavy hair and quiet, easy manner.

MARION ROSS, who runs an acting school in the West End for children, called to advise Education Minister Ellen Wilkinson on the new laws for employing child film and stage stars.

Marion says that unscrupulous producers exploit talented children and that some studios deliberately underpay them. She wants child stars graded into age groups, with definite working hours, rest periods, and schooling.

A KEEN moviegoer, James Mason dropped in to his local village cinema and was spotted by the operator, who hastened up with his autograph book.

"While I signed it, I kept chatting to him about this movie and that movie," Jimmie told me.

"When I handed him back his book he gaped at my signature."

"No wonder."

"I signed myself 'James Movie'."

GIRL actresses Sally Ann Howes will have her first grown-up role playing Derek Bond's sister in "Nicholas Nickleby."

LONG-HAired, craggy-browed street musician Alberto Lombardo was fiddling outside the old Kensington Emporium, meditating on the meanness of shoppers, when a smart car drew up and a man hopped out.

"Like to go into films?" said Ealing director Cavalcanti.

Alberto stopped meditating.

Now he is in his glory in a Dickensian costume for the role of theatre orchestra leader.

In future, directors wanting his film services will apply to his agent.

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U.208.81



# Ann Richards is unspoilt by fame

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

Whenever I see Australian film star Ann Richards on the screen in future, I will remember her as I saw her first in Sydney recently.

She was in the kitchen of her mother's charming home in Neutral Bay, peering into a saucepan boiling on the stove.

"How lovely . . . Stewed quinces for dinner, I adore them," said Ann with relish.

ANN had just arrived from Hollywood, where she has been for four and a half years, and has become the most successful Australian woman film actress in America.

The previous Sunday she had been a guest at a fabulous party given at the Beverly Hills Hotel by Pawcett Publications.

But on arrival in Australia Ann quickly showed that the luxury of Hollywood had not spoiled her, for her greeny-grey eyes sparkled at the thought of stewed quinces for dinner.

No wonder Mrs. Richards said her daughter hadn't changed at all in spite of the fame and success she has won in motion pictures abroad.

We walked through the flat, Ann exclaiming now and again over the beautiful old china and miniatures.

"They are still in their same places. I told mother she was not to alter one thing. I wanted to see our home exactly as I left it in 1931," she said.

Though the star is known officially as Ann Richards, her mother still calls her Shirley, the name by which she is also best known to Australians.

Hanging in the bedroom were the glamorous frocks and the mink coat which Ann had brought home. The house was filled to overflowing with flowers from friends, even to huge green orchids which had been a Hollywood farewell gesture from producer Hal Wallis.

Back in the lounge-room, Ann tucked herself up on the couch.

Her perfectly cut dress was green

and matched her eyes. Her shoulder-length blonde hair, which she had washed herself, had one pin fastening it at the side, and a touch of cyclamen lipstick completed the picture. Her nails were free from polish, and her brown suede shoes were the new sports type so popular abroad.

Nylon stockings, of course, but "I feel almost apologetic about wearing them, as they seem to cause so much comment," she said.

Tactfully evasive in criticism of Hollywood, Ann mentioned that of all the beautiful women in the film colony she thought that probably Hedy La Mer is the best example of feminine loveliness.

"Her facial structure is perfect," she said.

"I think Hollywood knows me best for two things: the pearls I always wear and my incessant tea drinking."

The lovely string of pearls was a gift to Ann from her only brother, Roderick, who died while he was prisoner of war in Malaya.

"When it comes to arranging my wardrobe for a picture and the question of accessories arises, they always say to me, 'You will be wearing your pearls, won't you?' I do not care for costume jewellery as it doesn't seem to become my type.

"My tea drinking is terrific. I make myself a cup before I leave home at 7.30 a.m., have another when I am having my hair set for the film, and so it goes on all day.

"I don't smoke, but am never known to refuse a cup of tea."

Dresses for her films are designed for her by Dorothy O'Hara.

"She has the same sort of figure as mine, and she understands perfectly what I like, so she does my personal wardrobe as well.

"Sometimes I buy from the studio frocks, which I have worn in films."

Ann has no illusions about the chances of quick film success.

"It takes hard work and intensive study," she said.

"I am sure that plenty of Australian girls would do well in Hollywood, but I would advise them to do well here first.

"Hollywood has a wholesome respect for what you have done in another country, and the advancement of Australian films should help enormously in giving our actors and actresses the opportunities to win offers from America.

"I hope very sincerely that I will be invited to play in an Australian film."

## Own housekeeper

AS we discussed the problems of housekeeping, Ann told me that she does most of the buying for the pantry of the home she has bought in Whitley Heights, Hollywood, which at present she is sharing with two friends, Gina and Nelda Scarsella.

"I have a car, so I go to the Farmers' Market, where you can buy just everything you need," she said.

"The frozen food is wonderful, and I feel it will be a means for giving housewives of the future an amount of spare time which they would never have dreamed would be possible.

"Only last week I received an invitation to dinner from Mona Nearney. She is a great friend of film star Diana Lynn, and was married recently. The invitation read:

"Please come to dinner. I can't cook, so the meal will be tamales from the Farmers' Market."

Ann and her two friends are fond of entertaining in their own home.

"We have a very beautiful view, and we find that people love to look out at night from our windows, so we don't say 'Come for a five-to-seven



ANN RICHARDS, Australian film star, who has returned to Sydney from Hollywood to see her mother, Mrs. Marion Richards, finds that an Australian tea-cosy is among the many gifts which awaited her arrival. She will take it back to her Hollywood home.

p.m. party." We just say, 'Come to a party,' and they come at 6 and stay till 3 a.m."

"It is difficult to get help, but we have been lucky."

She turned to her mother, "Do you remember how I always used to say that I thought it would be wonderful to have a fat, comfortable, capable American negro Mammy to look after me? I had always read so much about film stars and their devoted negro maids."

"Well, I have one now, and she is amazing. Her name is Odella, and she is the likeliest, stickiest thing you ever saw."

"She tucks her frizzy black hair into a tiny knot, and during the magnolia season Odella copes with our housework wearing an enormous white magnolia tucked over one ear as a finish to her black uniform."

## Is still single

ANN, who is still single, spoke with some regret about the many matrimonial failures in Hollywood.

"So many girls I have worked with have been married and divorced, and I think that perhaps the reason is that they marry so young. And yet, there is little Shirley Temple and her husband.

"They are devoted to each other and it is a delight to see them together."

Ann has many friends in Hollywood, but she spoke most warmly of Ruth Hunsey and Mary Elliott (a former actress and the wife of film star Robert Cummings).

"Also Gregory and Greta Peck are two of my best friends. They are darlings," she said.

Ann's two latest films have not yet been released in Australia. They are "Bad Man's Territory" and "The Searching Wind."

As soon as she returns to America she will start in another Hal Wallis Paramount film for which the script is now being prepared.

She likes dramatic parts best, though she would like to play in a modern comedy.

The happiness of Ann Richards' home life in Australia, her devotion to her attractive mother, and her utter lack of film star temperament are obvious. The glow in her eyes as she spoke of the memorial service to her brother, which she had attended that day in St. Augustine's Church of England, Neutral Bay, was typical of the sincerity of a girl who has won much success, but who, I know, ate those stewed quinces for dinner without a thought of the cavaliere she often is offered in Hollywood.



CONFESSING that she is a "terrific tea-drinker," Ann Richards (known in Australia as Shirley Ann) makes a late afternoon cup of tea in the kitchen of her mother's home in Neutral Bay, Sydney.

# Film Reviews

## ★ WHISTLE STOP

THE hates and loves of some of the people in a small town make the story for United Artists' melodrama starring George Raft.

This time Raft is a shiftless individual who loses his girl (Ava Gardner) because of his refusal to do a decent day's work.

She returns to him later and rival Tom Conway frames them in a murder charge. It all ends happily with Victor McLaglen as Raft's friend, who clears up the mystery.

Acting is fair enough, and Ava Gardner shows considerable promise as well as headline beauty. Tom Conway, brother of actor George Sanders, has the same sort of suave approach in heavy roles.

Atmosphere is grim throughout, and the film is not for junior members of the family.—Clive; showing.

## ★ DEADLINE AT DAWN

THERE are such a number of utterly unbelievable people in RKO's thriller and so much staccato dialogue that the film falls very flat.

Taxi-drivers of the philosophy-spouting type such as Paul Lukas has to portray may exist, but this reviewer has never met one. Lukas is one of the people involved in a murder which might have been done by an ingenious sailor (Bill Williams), a dance hall girl (Susan Hayward), or various others who wander in and out of the plot.

Best players are Lukas and Miss Hayward, but Bill Williams obviously finds his lines a struggle. Joseph Calleja glowers as the gangster brother of the murdered woman.—Plaza; showing.

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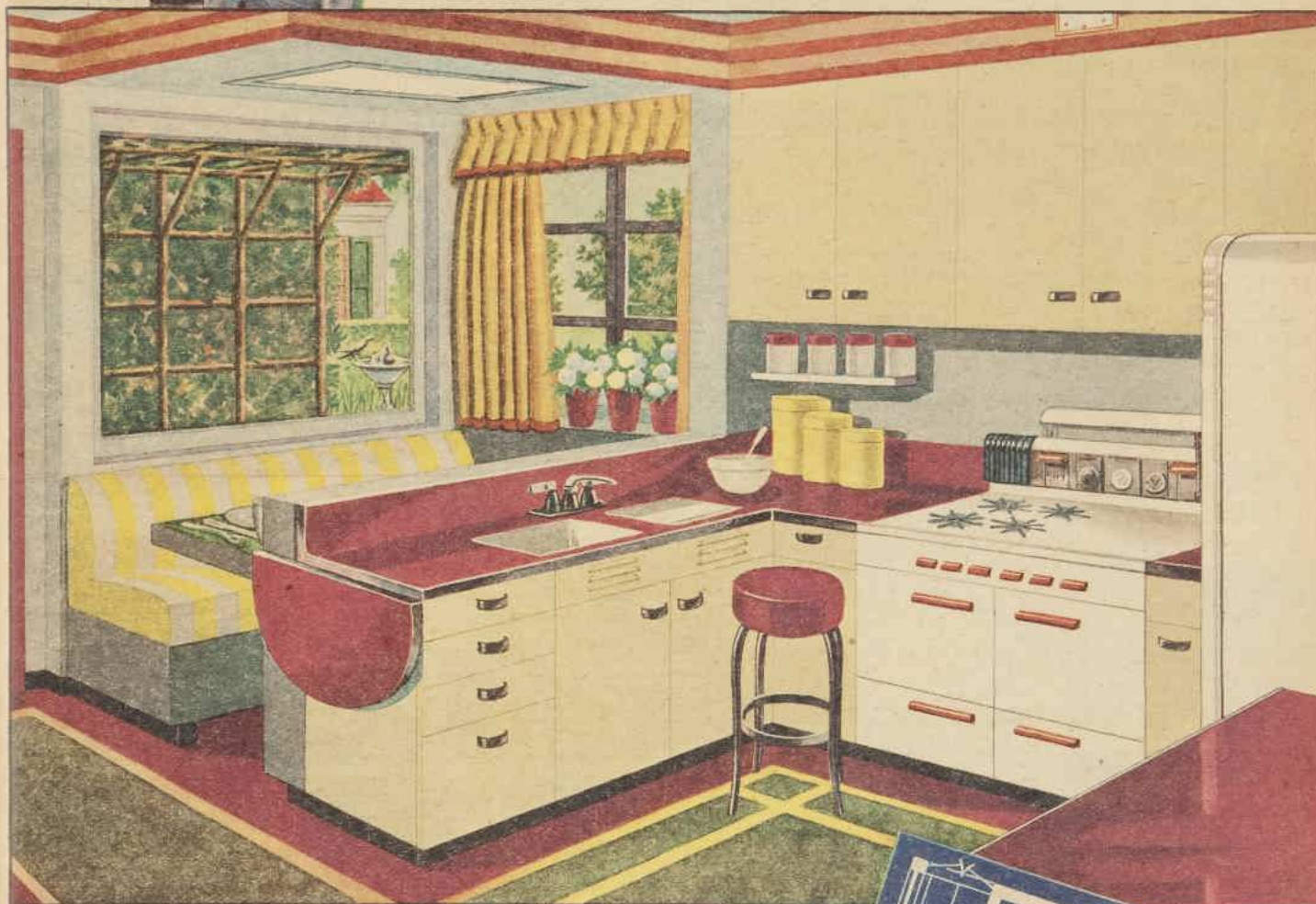
The Australian Women's Weekly — June 29, 1946

ROSALIND RUSSELL dressed for her role of Sister Kenny in the RKO film of the life of the Australian nurse who is well known for her treatment of infantile paralysis.





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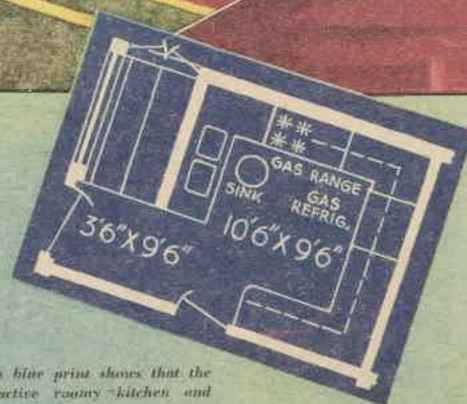
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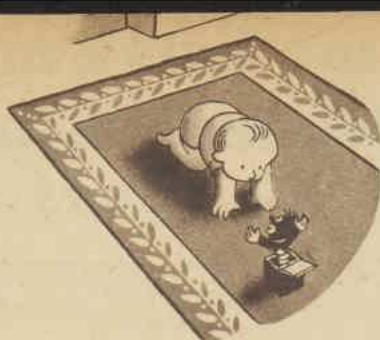
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FLOORS CAN BE BRIGHTENED by clever use of wallpaper. Paste a border over linoleum or on wood in a small room or in an entrance hall. So that the paper will not tear or be worn off by feet passing over it give it two or three coats of hard shellac at once.

## Ways with wallpaper

- Samples or odds and ends of wallpaper can be used most effectively to bring gaiety and color into dull, drab rooms.

By **NORA S. McDOUGALL**  
*Our Home Decoration Expert*

THE main thing to remember when you get busy with the paper, scissors, and paste-pot is to brighten the rooms but at the same time keep within the bounds of commonsense and good decorating.

Wallpapers are coming freely on to the market again after being very difficult to get.

Pretty floral wallpapers, whether sample sheets or left-over ends, can be used with excellent results.

First of all, buy a special wallpaper paste and see that there are no lumps when applying it to the paper, and don't be discouraged if the paper looks bumpy at first. Paper shrinks and smooths out as it dries.

Remember, though, to smooth the paper from the centre out to the edges as you apply each sheet, for in this way you will prevent any air bubbles which can become creases.

A sharp pair of scissors, a ruler, a piece of chalk for measuring and marking straight lines, and a paste-brush are all that is needed.

When cutting panels make them a little longer than necessary. It is easier to trim them than have them too short. Start your papering from the top and have your patterns matching accurately at the joins. See that the repeat of the design also matches.

On this page are some ideas that cost little but can give a great deal of pleasure. Perhaps these may inspire you with more ideas to suit your particular needs.

Remember, though, not to overdo this type of decorating, for what is most attractive when done with care may be very tedious if the treatment is too lavish.

### Home Plans Book

NOW is the time to secure your copy of The Australian Women's Weekly "Home Plans," a 68-page book of modern homes designed by outstanding Australian and American architects. It is now available from all newspapers and from our offices for 1/6.

Whatever type of home you propose building, you will find it in The Australian Women's Weekly Book of Plans. It is beautifully illustrated, and will prove an invaluable guide.



DRESSERS when lined with wallpaper add a delightful touch of frivolity to kitchen furnishings. Although you will have crockery and glass on the shelves so that all the paper does not show, remember to follow out the idea of matching your pattern.



WINDOW SIDES, especially deep ones, can be papered with a floral design on both sides and over the top. This adds color and interest to the window treatment and takes the place of draperies. Venetian blinds look just right with this decor.



DILAPIDATED DRESSING-TABLES take on a surprising new lease of life and look most attractive if covered with plain wallpaper and decorated with cut-out flower motifs. This is particularly suitable for the children's room, as it looks so young and gay.



ACCURACY in matching the design in adjoining panels when papering a wall is very important. Don't make the same mistake as this decorator, who seemed to think two heads would make one horse. It is very tiring to look at badly matched designs.



DOOR PANELS can be decorated by pasting cut-out wallpaper designs on to each panel. The effect is extremely decorative and gay. This is not suggested for living or dining rooms; but is very charming in the bedroom, when extra color is wanted.



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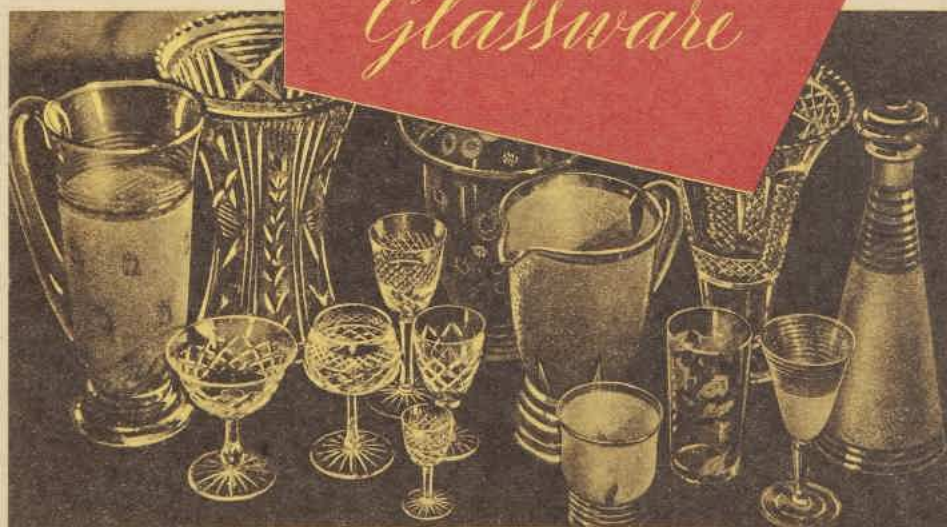


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TEA FOR TWO in this outside savory griddlecake, faintly flavored with herbs, and folded over a filling of cheese, spaghetti, and tomatoes. Serve with fingers of toast for good measure.

## BATTERS . . . always popular

● Griddlecakes, flapjacks, pancakes, fritters, waffles, and doughnuts are magic names conjuring up homely kitchens, glowing fires, and spicy aromas.

WHEN you get out your griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan have the family standing by so that you can toss your products right on to their plates.

Serve them with lemon and sugar, honey, syrup or your favorite home-made preserve, or with sweet or savory fillings, previously made, or just spread with butter.

When you have mastered the art of making plain ones, try out some of the variations given on this page, then experiment and find new ones of your own.

### PANCAKES

Four ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Make a well in centre, drop egg in. Add a little milk and stir until a smooth batter is formed. Add balance of milk and allow to stand 1 hour before using. Melt a little butter in a small frying-pan or omelet-pan. Pour in sufficient batter to cover bottom of pan. Cook slowly, loosening edges with a knife. When set and brown underneath, toss or turn with a broad, flexible knife. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice, roll up and serve at once.

### Variations

**Apple Pancakes:** Spread before rolling with well-drained, spiced, and sweetened apple pulp.

**Orange Pancakes:** Add 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind to batter. Spread with sweet orange preserve before rolling.

### GRIDDLECAKES

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg (or 2), 1½ cups milk (less if using 2 eggs), 2 tablespoons melted shortening.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, add sugar. Fold in egg and milk, beat until smooth. Add melted shortening. Drop by spoonfuls on to hot ungreased

griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan. Cook steadily, turning to brown when set. For thick griddlecakes use only 1 to 1½ cups milk. Makes approximately two dozen. Serve hot and freshly made, with lemon and sugar, honey, syrup or preserve.

### Variations

**Cheese and Onion Griddlecakes:** Omit sugar and add 1 cup grated cheese and 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion.

**Spicy Griddlecakes:** Add 1 teaspoon each of ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, and powdered cloves; replace 1 tablespoon of the milk with 1 tablespoon golden syrup and a pinch bicarbonate soda. Good served hot with apple sauce.

### FLAPJACKS

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in fat, add sugar. Stir in beaten egg and milk, mix to a soft, dropping consistency. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle or heavy frying-pan. Turn to brown. Serve freshly made topped with melen, plum, or apricot jam.

### Variations

**Wholemeal Orange Flapjacks:** Use 1 plain, 1 wholemeal flour, and add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Serve hot with marmalade.

**Apple Bran Flapjacks:** Add 1 cup grated apple, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, and 2 tablespoons bran. Serve freshly made with sugar and lemon juice.

### FITTERS

Four ounces flour, good pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon melted shortening.

Sift flour and salt. Drop egg-yolk into centre of flour, add melted shortening and milk. Beat until quite smooth. Just before using fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Use for coating sweet or savory foods.

**Oyster Fritters:** Add squeeze lemon juice to batter.

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BOILS

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## Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have disturbed nights. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable restful sleep. When disorder of kidney function permits poisons matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headache and dizziness. Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's gives happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.





**WEDGES** of day-old lemon-filled sponge coated with fritter batter are deep-fried to a golden-brown. Sharp lemon sauce is a must with this delicious and quick dinner treat.

**PANCAKES**, served fresh from the fire, drenched in lemon juice and smothered with sugar, still remain family favorites on winter nights. They are the perfect answer to unexpected guests, for they can be tossed up at the last minute, and are little trouble.

Dip oysters in batter, coating well. Drop into fuming fat, fry golden brown. Drain, serve at once with lemon and parsley.

**Cauliflower Fritters:** Add 1 cup grated cheese to fritter batter. Dip cooked cauliflower sprigs into batter, covering well. Drop into deep fuming fat, fry golden brown. Serve piping hot.

#### DOUGHNUTS

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch nutmeg and grated lemon rind, 2oz. shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg. Add lemon rind and sugar. Rub in shortening. Mix to a soft dough with beaten eggs and milk. Turn on to floured board. Use a doughnut cutter or two cutters (one smaller than the other) to shape. Deep-fry in fuming fat 3 or 4 minutes. Drain on paper, dust with sugar. Serve freshly made.

#### Variations

**Orange Doughnuts:** Add 1½ teaspoons grated orange

rind and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.  
**Spiced Doughnuts:** Add 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, spice, cinnamon, cloves, and grated lemon rind.

#### WAFFLES

Two cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons melted shortening.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add egg-yolks and milk, beating until smooth. Fold in melted shortening and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in hot waffle-iron (only partly filling each compartment to prevent overflowing) until steam is no longer visible. Serve hot, spread with syrup, honey, preserve, or lemon juice and sugar.

#### Variations

**Ham Waffles:** Sprinkle 2 tablespoons finely minced ham over batter before closing waffle iron.

**Cheese Waffles:** Add 1 cup grated cheese to batter before folding in egg-whites.

# TIRED OUT

## WITH HOUSEWORK AND SHOPPING

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A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

### NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH.

When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientists who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium and potassium. Then he added Catalytic Copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

### QUICK IMPROVEMENT.

BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and



pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed. The whole system is recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

### DOES A WORLD OF GOOD WHEN RUN DOWN.

"I have taken BIDOMAK since you first placed it on the market wherever I have been run down, and it has always done me a world of good."

Sgt. (Miss) Elizabeth Callaghan.

### NO RISK TEST.

Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days—unless you feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day.

3/.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY" for Nerves, Brain and that "Depressed" Feeling



# Bidomak

"I was thrilled!"

... when I went over their workshops!



Your Old Handbag Looks Just Like NEW Again!



They take them in all stages of disrepair, some in a terrible state! But when Eastern Arts Repair Depot & Doll Hospital get through with them, every bag has that gleaming look of brand-new leather. They also can dye them ANY colour, and do ANY repair. It costs so very little.

Shabby Old Gloves Turned into Paris Models!

—when Eastern Arts Repair Depot and Doll Hospital have used special machines repairing them, and then treated the leathers till the gloves are sparkling again like the day you unwrapped them from the shop. And all for a few shillings. Re-dyeing ANY colour, too.



Damaged Dollies Restored to Shop Newness!



Real artists the Doctors at the Doll Hospital are. Their pride is to take a doll that's seen its day and give it a brand-new life again, a brand-new thrill for some little girl whose new dolls have been few and far between. Remember: No doll is beyond repair!

**EASTERN ARTS - REPAIR DEPOT AND DOLL HOSPITAL**

Her Majesty's Arcade, on the Castlereagh St. Level. Down Pitt St., next to the New Buh. Also at Newcastle, at 4 Perkin St.

REPAIRS BY MAIL: SEND ARTICLES BY PARCEL POST TO 65 CASTLEMEACH ST., SYDNEY, and a Price Quotation Will Be Sent You.

Why Cough?

Nature can't HEAL while coughing continues!

Coughing causes irritation and damages delicate tissues.

STOP YOUR COUGH! Take

**Y-COUGH**

"KILLS COLDS with KINDNESS!" At All Chemists & Stores

2/6  
**Banish Slimination Faults** WITH **JUNIPAH**

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Famous Junipah Mineral Spring Salts containing oil from the Juniper berry banish elimination faults, relieve kidney disorders and keep you well and merry. Fit and slim. Get a jar to-day. A pinch each morning in a glass of warm water will put you on "top of the world."

**GIVE BABY LOVELY CURLS with Curlypet**



Two generations of mothers have used Curlypet to curl and beautify their babies' hair like this mother, who says: "You can see from the photo that baby's hair was quite straight at 2½ months, but now she has a head of lovely soft, silky curls that everyone admires." If you would like your baby's hair to grow beautifully curly, start rubbing Curlypet into baby's hair each morning. Get a tube of Curlypet from your nearest Chemist or Store for 3/6, containing enough for a month's treatment and including full directions for use. If you are far from a Chemist or Store send postal note or stamp for 3/6 to Curlypet, Box 4153, G.P.O. Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail. Remember the name

**CURLYPET**



# Light and Exciting

## "AEROPHOS" WINTER DESSERTS

TRY THEM — THEY'RE EASY AND ECONOMICAL TO BAKE! SERVE THEM HOT AND WIN THE PRAISE OF THE WHOLE FAMILY! THESE RECIPES HAVE BEEN PROVED AND RECOMMENDED BY MARJORY CARTER, "AEROPHOS" COOKERY EXPERT . . . . .



### HOT RHUBARB LAYER SPONGE

- 6 ozs. self-raising flour, containing "Aerophos",
- 3 ozs. butter,
- 3 ozs. sugar,
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind,
- 1 egg,
- 1 cup milk,
- 2 cups stewed rhubarb (well drained).

Beat butter, sugar and orange rind to cream. Beat in egg. Stir in sifted flour and milk. Place half mixture in greased 8 inch sandwich tin. Cover with layer of rhubarb and top with remaining flour mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) about 45 minutes, or steam in 2 pint basin for 1½ hours. May be served with sauce of thickened rhubarb juice.

Many brands of self-raising flour and baking powder show the "A & W" Seal on the packet as a guarantee that it contains only "Aerophos" raising ingredient.



THE "A & W" SEAL

### PINEAPPLE TOPSY-TURVY CAKE

(Or use sliced apples, peaches or bananas)

- 6 ozs. self-raising flour containing ½ cup milk,
- "Aerophos" (1½ cups),
- 2 ozs. butter or substitute,
- 2 ozs. sugar,
- 2 eggs,
- 4 slices pineapple,
- 1 dessertspoon butter,
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar.

Thickly grease an 8 inch sandwich tin using the dessertspoon of butter. Sprinkle bottom with brown sugar, and top with sliced fruit. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Beat in eggs. Stir in sifted flour and milk. Turn cake batter onto fruit. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot. Six portions.

# "AEROPHOS"\*

Regd. Trade Mark

is the Self-Raising Ingredient

USED BY—

ALL LEADING BRANDS OF  
SELF-RAISING FLOUR

\* "AEROPHOS" is the registered trade mark of Albright & Wilson (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

"AEROPHOS" HAS SUPERSEDED ALL OLD-FASHIONED RAISING INGREDIENTS



## RHEUMATISM? SCIATICA? LUMBAGO?

You need

## SCHUMANN'S!

Half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water first thing every morning helps to eliminate uric acid and to rid the digestive tract, kidneys and liver of accumulated poisons. Schumann's gently stimulate all the organs of the body... enable you to FEEL fit, LOOK fit, STAY fit.

THE PRE-WAR SCHUMANN'S IS BACK AGAIN! *Proven QUALITY, Proven EFFICIENCY* Enjoy again your morning glass of SCHUMANN'S, as crystal clear as the waters of the mineral springs.

1/6 and 2/9 at all chemists and stores

## SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

S10-6

## Peaceful Nights For Baby and You



At teething time—or at any time if baby is a trifle feverish—give Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS. They soothe at once—cool the blood, gently regulate the motions. Never be without these wonderful powders—they ensure the health and happiness of your baby—AND THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders — 1/6

## Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS

## SOOTHE ITCHING HAEMORRHOIDS

There is no need to suffer the tormenting irritation of itching piles when you can get quick relief by beginning at once to use DOAN'S OINTMENT. It quiets the itching and protects and lubricates the tender tissues with its soothing, anti-septic ingredients. Don't continue to let the itching and misery of piles torment and worry you, get

## DOAN'S OINTMENT

today and see what long, lasting happy relief it gives—used successfully for over 40 years.

## OATINE

Beauty Creams for  
Charm & Glamour



FULL of life are Grant and Wayne, 14-months-old twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Butler, Warwick, Gillingandra, N.S.W. They are over average weight.

FINE twins are 14-months-old Roslyn and Margaret, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. P. Bloomfield, Roseville, N.S.W.



## Twins are fascinating

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

TWINS, especially the type "alike as two peas," are intriguing little people who always have a fascination from their early days, when often their parents can know them apart only by some distinguishing mole or mark, to the days when they delight to play pranks on unsuspecting teachers, school-mates or friends by impersonating each other.

There are two types of twins: "Fraternal," often quite unlike each other in appearance and in temperament; and "identical" twins, who, as well as being alike physically, are also temperamental and spiritually alike, often doing and saying the same things at the same time, although apart.

The first type are supposed to originate from two separate cells at the time of conception. "Identical" twins have their origin from a single cell.

Many doctors make use of X-ray now when they suspect twins, so they are not such a surprise as they used to be, and there is time to provide more clothes and equipment for the extra baby. Sometimes a twin-pregnancy is not carried to full term, and if twins are tiny and premature they will need very special and skilled care.

Twins whose condition and weight are normal at birth certainly make more work for the mother at first, as there is double laundry, and two babies to bath and feed.

For this reason wise planning of the daily routine and good management are naturally of extra importance to avoid badly trained babies and overworked mothers.

If twins can be fully breast fed, even for the first three months, it is a tremendous saving of worry and time for the mother. Many mothers prefer to feed babies simultaneously, and to do this it is best for the mother to be propped up comfortably on a bed, and to have a pillow under each arm.

Twins very soon take a great interest in each other and enjoy each other's companionship, so they do not make such a demand on the mother's attention as the single baby does.



STRICT mothercraft rules have resulted in bouncing health for 17-months-old David and Peter Cook, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cook, 41 Rochester Street, Homebush, N.S.W.

A leaflet giving suggestions on the early management of twins can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY KNITTING BOOK

THE Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for Adults and Children is now available from our offices and from all newsagents.

It is a beautifully illustrated 64-page book of specially selected designs for 1946 with directions for knitting, which will suit your every need.

This is the knitting book you've been waiting for, and is full to the brim of designs to fit the slim figures, the medium figures, and the not-so-slim.

The adult handknits this season

have variety and style, and that certain something that makes them very easy to look at. They include garments for sportswear, for everyday wear, and for the evening.

Included in the book are instructions for knitting a lovely fascinator, a charming cap and glove set, and the quaintest pair of knitted slippers.

You'll love the infants' and children's garments we have selected. They're quite irresistible.

Get your copy now, at our offices or at any newsagent. Price, 1/6



From  
Eight  
to  
Eighty

Four generations have over a period of 50 years chosen Rosella as their favourites in Pure Food Products. Today as in the past the Rosella label is looked on by every housewife as a guarantee of Quality and a symbol of the finest in both purity and flavour. When once again all Rosella Products are in full production, you can be certain of happy and healthful mealtime variety by insisting on

**Rosella**  
OVER 100 PURE FOODS



**A SCREECHING  
PARROT**

and no appeal.  
The screeching of a rusty wheel.  
A leaking tap and a slamming door.  
These are afflictions we all abhor.

But a hacking cough is worse than these.

Heaters and ventilators know no cure.

Till both a real relief assure.

With soothing Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure for Coughs and Colds, never fails.

## THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

Doctors know that backache

is responsible for much

misery, suffering and finan-

cial loss to many thousands.

This typical case will interest

other patients, suffering from

backache.



Doctor (Examining patient): Tell me... exactly where do you get that pain in your back?

Patient: Mostly in the lower part of the back, Doctor; sometimes both sides, but usually more on the right side than on the left.

Doctor: I suppose you get headaches frequently?

Patient: Oh, yes, Doctor. I often wake up in the morning with a headache and an unpleasant taste in my mouth, too.

Doctor: You have to get up at intervals during the night?

Patient: Yes, Doctor, and often the passing of urine is very painful.

Doctor: For how long have you been getting these symptoms?

Patient: Oh, for some time now. It wasn't very bad at first, but it's gradually getting worse. Lately my joints have started to swell, especially my ankles and feet. Doctor, why should I get these swellings?

Doctor: It is because the waste products are not being eliminated from your body, but are getting into your tissues instead. Generally the fluid first collects in the ends of your limbs and so you see it as a puffiness in your ankles and feet. These backaches and headaches, as well as the unpleasant taste in your mouth in the mornings, are the result of faulty elimination of waste fluid by the kidneys and bladder. Once you get rid of these poisons you will be absolutely fit and well. Backache, Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation are just a few of the painful conditions caused by these poisons.

That is why Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are so good for Backache and Kidney Trouble, because they cleanse your blood of the poisons that cause them. If you suffer from backache, stiffness in joints, loss of energy, irritability, bladder weakness and depression, get a box of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and begin this great new treatment for the blood right away. A pure herbal remedy, Menthoids can only do you good. They may be taken with safety by even the most delicate patient. Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large tins are 6/6, small tins 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart.

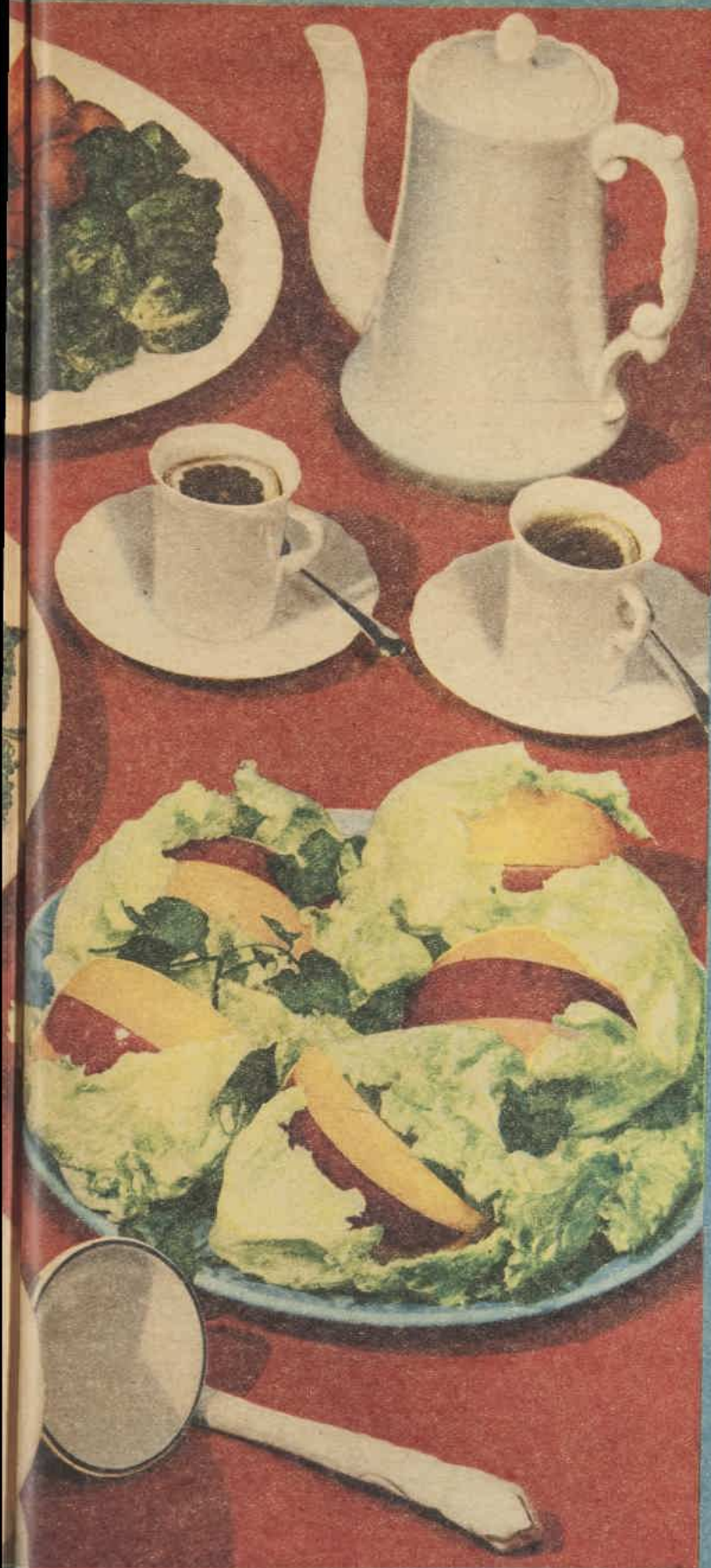
MIRA





[ • All recipes featured by our Cookery Experts have been personally tested by them in *The Australian Women's Weekly* Studio Kitchen. ]





# Bring on the Guests!

BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS.

## THE MENU (as illustrated)

Soup: *Julienne*  
 Rolled stuffed shoulder of veal  
 Boiled potatoes  
 Glazed carrots    French beans    Brussels sprouts  
 Grapefruit and apple salad  
 Lemon sponge    Spicy foam sauce  
 Biscuits and cheese    Coffee

**S**O you've guests for dinner! That needn't mean a whole day in the kitchen for you adopt a save-yourself programme. With planning you may have a super dinner-party with all the trimmings, and still be free to enjoy the company.

Plan your menu early—do as much as you can the day before. Here's how:

**Day Before:** Make soup, store for last-minute reheating. Make meringues to garnish sweet. Prepare stuffing for veal.

**Morning:** Make lemon sponge. Prepare and cook Julienne vegetable strips. Prepare potatoes and carrots; string french beans. Prepare salad ingredients.

**Mid-afternoon:** Season and roll meat, place in oven to bake slowly. Make spicy foam sauce. Set dinner table.

**Last Minute (or nearly):** Cook vegetables. Assemble salad. Reheat soup.

### SOUP: JULIENNE

One knuckle veal (or bone taken from rolled shoulder), few bacon bones, 1 small turnip, 1 head celery, 1 blade mace, 2 white onions, 3 quarts water, 1 dessertspoon salt, 3 or 4 peppercorns, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract.

Place bones, water, and salt in saucepan, bring to boil. Cook 1 hour. Add prepared vegetables, peppercorns, mace, and parsley. Cook steadily 2 hours or until well reduced. Strain through a fine strainer. Add vegetable extract. Reheat when required, garnishing with precooked Julienne vegetable strips.

**Julienne Vegetable Strips:** Peel 1 turnip, scrape 1 carrot, wash 2 sticks celery. Cut into match-sized strips. Simmer 10 minutes in small quantity salted water.

### CELERY AND CAPSICUM SEASONING

Two cups fine white breadcrumbs, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 cup minced celery (parboiled), 3 tablespoons chopped capsicum (parboiled), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped thyme or marjoram, 1 tablespoon margarine, grate of lemon rind, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg (or 2 tablespoons milk).

Combine all ingredients, mix well. Spread on unrolled shoulder of veal, re-roll, tie securely.

### LEMON SPONGE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch of salt.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add eggs, and stir in milk. Fold in sifted flour and salt. Bake in a greased rocess tin in a moderate oven, 350deg. F. 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out, allow to cool. Just before serving top with spicy foam sauce, decorate with cherries and meringues.

### MERINGUES

One egg-white, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, green coloring.

Put sugar, water, and egg-white into an enamel basin. Beat over boiling water for 7 minutes. Add lemon juice, vanilla, and green coloring. Beat until stiff enough to hold its shape. Spoon or pipe on to greased tray. Bake in a very slow oven, decor slightly ajar, until crisp and thoroughly dried inside.

### SPICY FOAM SAUCE

One heaped teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon powdered milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon.

Soften gelatine in hot water, add to warmed milk with powdered milk and sugar. Beat for 5 minutes. Chill until beginning to set. Beat again, adding cinnamon, nutmeg, spice, and lemon rind. Pile roughly on to lemon sponge. Keep in a cold place until required for serving.



## BREAKFAST on the AIRLINER of the FUTURE



JOE'S FLYING ON INSTRUMENTS — HE'S NUTS ABOUT BLIND FLYING!

YOU MEAN HIS NUTS ABOUT KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES HE WAS ON HIS THIRD HELPING WHEN I LEFT HIM!

HEAR THAT! HE SAYS THE PILOTS BLIND — AND THEY'RE USING INSTRUMENTS ON HIM!

I'M GOING TO HAVE MY HAIR SET, I HAVE A WEEKLY APPOINTMENT!

YOU WON'T HAVE TIME, DILDER, WE'VE JUST PASSED HAWAII AND WE'LL BE IN AMERICA IN A MINUTE!

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THESE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES ARE MADE WITH THE BEST WHITE AUSTRALIAN CORN?

I KNOW IT — DON'T I? KELLOGG'S GET THE BEST OF MY CROP EVERY YEAR!

MUM, CAN I HAVE ANOTHER HELPING OF THESE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES?

AND DO YOU REALISE THAT ONE HELPING OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR IS EQUAL IN ENERGY VALUE TO THREE HELPS OF FRIED FISH!

REALLY? BUT I'D NEVER EAT FISH ANYHOW — AS LONG AS I COULD GET THESE OVER-FRESH KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES!

IT'S THE WANTITE INNERSEAL WRAPPER — THE AIR CAN'T GET IN — THE FLAVOUR CAN'T GET OUT!

WHAT KEEPS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES SO FRESH?

YOU WON'T GO OFF THE BEAM IF YOU SERVE DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. NO COOKING — NO GREASY DISHES — AND NO COMPLAINTS. EVERYONE ADDRESSES THOSE CRISP DELICIOUS MALTY FLAKES!

Help yourself Mum, and let your family "help themselves" to breakfast. Just sit back and watch everyone smack their lips over these delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes. And while the milk and sugar is passing, remember that nothing else can touch Kellogg's Corn Flakes for flavour and energy value.

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**

John Kellogg

## Fight Cold Miseries INSIDE and OUTSIDE!

— with one simple treatment

DON'T "HALF-TREAT" A COLD! Fight all its miseries! Do as millions of other mothers do — rub on Vicks VapoRub. Just rubbed on throat, chest and back, this pleasant treatment works both inside and outside for faster, more thorough comfort.

OUTSIDE, VapoRub acts like a poultice to ease chest tightness. INSIDE, at the same time, medicinal vapours released by body warmth are breathed into the air-passages — clearing stuffy nose, soothing sore throat, calming coughing. Use VapoRub at bedtime, and a cold's worst discomforts are often gone by morning!



**VICKS VAPORUB**

A WORLD STAND-BY — 30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY



APPETISING luncheon dish for chilly winter days is this savory cheese ring topped with delicious creamed vegetables and buttered crumbs. Recipe for this dish wins first prize this week.

## Try mixing SWEET AND SAVORY

● Dishes combining sweet and savory ingredients, such as casserole tongue with raisin sauce, pineapple Swiss liver, cheese and raisin muffins, are becoming increasingly popular here.

AMERICA has cooked this way for years. Try it. The idea grows on you, and in no time you will be working out new combinations for yourself.

Your recipe collection will be enhanced by the addition of this week's prize-winning recipes. They are easy to make, good to look at, and better still to eat.

Cheese and raisins, both highly nutritious, are used in some of them.

### SAVORY CHEESE RING

Four cups white breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon good fat, 1 teaspoon chopped marjoram and sage, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 cup milk, 2 cups white sauce, 2 cups diced cooked vegetables.

Chop onion finely, brown lightly in hot fat. Add to breadcrumbs with grated cheese, parsley, and seasonings. Fold in beaten eggs and milk. Turn into well-greased roasting pan and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out and top with sauce and vegetables (combined and re-heated). Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and serve very hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Vernon, 28A The Avenue, Windsor, Vic.

### CHEESE AND RAISIN MUFFINS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup chopped raisins, 3 tablespoons melted shortening, 1 egg, 1 cup milk. Sift flour and salt, add cheese and raisins. Beat egg well, add milk and melted shortening. Fold into dry ingredients. Spoon into hot, greased muffin pans or gem tins (filling 2-3rd full). Bake in a hot oven (400deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot, split and buttered.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Schneider, Labrador, Southport, Qld.

### PINEAPPLE SWISS LIVER

One lamb or calf's liver, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, sliced

pineapple, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup cooked spaghetti, fat for frying.

Soak and skin liver. Cut into thin slices. Roll in seasoned flour, brown well in hot fat. Place in shallow baking pan, top with cooked spaghetti. Simmer pineapple slices in a little water until soft.

Add a little sugar and simmer 5 minutes longer. Drain well, arrange pineapple slices on top of liver and spaghetti, pour pineapple juice over all. Bake in a hot oven (400deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot with greens and creamed potato.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss S. Maloney, 8 Canterbury Terrace, Black Forest, S.A.

### CASSEROLE TONGUE WITH RAISIN SAUCE

One cooked ox-tongue, 1 cup diced carrots, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup minced onion, 2 cups liquid in which tongue cooked, 3 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste.

For Raisin Sauce: Half cup brown sugar, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup tongue liquor, 1 lemon thinly sliced, 1 bay leaf.

Slice tongue and place in casserole with prepared vegetables. Blend flour and seasonings with 2 cups of tongue liquor. Pour over meat and vegetables, cover, and bake in a moderate oven, 350deg. F., 1 to 1 hour. Combine ingredients for sauce,

### Facts about food

CUT mixed peel is particularly rich in a chemical named citrin, which is used by the body to strengthen the walls of the minute blood vessels, the capillaries. It can materially assist in the elimination of internal bleeding. Such jams as orange and marmalade are also rich in this chemical, as are citrus fruit cordials.



CHEESE AND RAISIN MUFFINS, hot from the oven, are a perfect dish for supper. Recipe appears on this page.

simmer until reduced in quantity and thickened. Serve with hot tongue and vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Tapley, "Harmony," East Richmond Park, Gordon, N.S.W.

### CHEESED CORNFLAKE PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1½ cups cornflakes, 1 cup milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 1 cup chopped ham or boiled bacon, 2 eggs.

Grease a deep tart-plate, line with shortcrust. Beat eggs well, add milk, cheese, salt, cayenne, mustard, ham or bacon, and cornflakes. Pour into pastry case, bake in a hot oven, 425deg. F., for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, 350deg. F., and cook a further 20 to 30 minutes until filling is set and browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Crosskey, c/o Post Office, Marleston, S.A.

### APPLE NOUGAT

Three large cooking apples, few chopped and stoned dates, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons cereal flakes, 1 tablespoon bran, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1 cup brown sugar.

Peel, core, and slice apples. Place in greased ovenware dish with dates. Sprinkle with cinnamon, lemon rind, and half the sugar. Mix shortening with bran, cornflakes, and balance of sugar until crumbly. Sprinkle over apples, bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. I. Paul, 26 Winifred St., Adelaide.



# Golden Glow Casserole



"delicious and nourishing"

says Elizabeth Cooke,  
famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert

"When you make this Golden Glow Casserole", says Elizabeth Cooke, "there is one 'must'". You simply *must* use Kraft Cheese. The blended perfection of Kraft Cheese with its exciting, full-bodied flavour makes all the difference in the world!"

Kraft Cheese tastes better because it's *blended* better. That true, mature cheddar flavour never varies... and of course Kraft Cheese stays fresh and moist to the last golden slice.

Ask for Kraft Cheese in the smart 8 oz. pack or have the exact quantity you require cut from the economical 5 lb. loaf.

## KRAFT GOLDEN GLOW CASSEROLE

6 cups spaghetti; 8 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; half cup milk; salt; pepper.

Place Cheddar Cheese and a little milk in double boiler, over low heat, adding the remainder of the milk from time to time and stirring gently until smooth. Mix with the spaghetti and place in a casserole. Garnish with Cheddar Cheese and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven... Serves six.

## KRAFT CHEESE

TASTES BETTER  
because it's  
BLENDED BETTER

Ounce for ounce, there's no basic food that equals *cheese* for complete, high quality protein... for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk!



### Listen to Mary Livingstone, M.D.

— the life story of a  
brilliant woman doctor.

Every  
Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs.



N.S.W. 2UW at 11.30 a.m. 2GZ-KA-WL at 9.30 a.m. 2KO at 9.30 a.m. VIC. 3DB-LK at 9.30 a.m. 3BO at 10.15 a.m. 3BA at 9.15 a.m. QLD. 4BK-AK-IP at 10.15 a.m. 4RO at 9.15 a.m. 4TO at 9.45 a.m. S.A. 5AD-MU-PI-SE at 9.30 a.m. W.A. 6IX-WB-MD at 10.30 a.m. TAS. 7HT at 9.45 a.m. 7EX at 9.45 a.m.





**Infallible LYNX Tooth**

THE CHOLONES OF EASTERN PERU BELIEVE THAT TO RUB THE CHEEK WITH THE TOOTH OF A LYNX IS AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE AND FACE ACHE.

**Blaise PASCAL.**

FRENCH PHILOSOPHER AND MATHEMATICIAN SAID TO HAVE WORKED OUT A TOOTHACHE CURE BY MATHEMATICS! YOU CAN PREVENT TOOTHACHE BY KEEPING YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY AND ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN WITH KOLYNOS.

**GRIM CURE!**

A FRAGMENT OF GIBBER POST WAS CONSIDERED A CURE FOR TOOTHACHE! GUARD YOUR TEETH AGAINST DENTAL DECAY WITH KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM. KOLYNOS SWIRLS DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS AWAY LEAVES EVERY TOOTH SPARKLING WITH NEW LOVELINESS.

**Miss Kolynos for June**

Victoria, Brunette, brown eyes, who won my toothbrush must have used it until I saw Kolynos. Kolynos soon showed how much bristles are better. Send "Miss Kolynos" photographs to Kolynos International, 41 Bridge St., Sydney. Monthly winner \$10. \$2.00 to 1000 photos returned.

**A GUID TIP!**

YE SAVE TWICE AS MUCH MONEY WITH KOLYNOS BECAUSE YE ONLY USE HALF AS MUCH. ALL YE NEED IS HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH. MIND YE—NOT A SKERRICK MORE!

Add to the attraction of your hands, with **CUTEX**



**CUTEX**

EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

It gives longer wear  
Its shades are more beautiful  
It is economical to use  
It will give you satisfaction

**Why look old?**

BANISH GREYNESS and buy back 10 years of your life!

**INECTO**

HAIR COLOURING



GRACEFUL apricot bough is typical of the beauty added to any garden by planting fruit trees; and home-grown fruit, freshly picked, is more delicious and means better health for the family.

## PLANTING TIME FOR FRUIT TREES

● Stone fruit trees such as peaches, nectarines, plums, apricots, and cherries should be planted now while they are dormant, well before the blossom buds start to color up.

Says OUR HOME GARDENER

ONE of the greatest advantages of a garden is that we can plant a few vines or fruit trees and obtain, in summer and autumn months, ample health-giving pome, citrus, stone, or berry fruits.

They cost no more than shrubs, trees, and vines planted solely for ornament, and most of them are ornamental from the time they

flower until the autumn foliage has fallen.

For their foliage and flowers alone they are worthy of a place in the garden, but above all is the health benefit and pleasure a family can derive from home-grown fruit.

Most stone fruits can be stewed, preserved, or converted into jam or jelly, and in this respect the apricot is a particularly valuable species. This fruit dries well, makes excellent jam, preserves, crystallines well, is splendid for dessert, and one of the most delicious when stewed or converted into pies.

Most apricot varieties crop very heavily, and if pruned and thinned each year produce extra large fruit of superior quality. This also applies to peaches, nectarines, and plums. Cherries grow well in the cool parts of the Commonwealth.

When choosing fruit trees for the home garden, always select those of the highest quality and known cropping ability, and, above all, the varieties popular in your district. Seek the guidance of a reputable nurseryman where any doubt exists.

## Better chance for anaemic babies

By MEDICO

"MY last baby was born with blood trouble. She was so anaemic she nearly died. Is there anything I can do for the one I am expecting?" asked Mrs. Keyman.

"Were your previous children healthy?" I inquired.

"I have two other children, doctor. The first was perfectly healthy. The second was jaundiced at birth."

"The cause of your problem seems clear," I told her. "It is due to the Rhesus factor, usually called Rh."

"Is it something in my blood?" asked Mrs. Keyman.

"It is something developed in your blood by a trait in the baby, which is inherited from your husband."

"Does that mean my husband is abnormal?"

"It means your husband, in his hereditary make-up, has a trait which 85 per cent. of normal people have," I explained. "You are among the remainder who do not have this trait."

"How could that affect the baby?" she asked.

"Your baby will most likely inherit this trait from the father. While you are carrying the baby it will stimulate an anti-substance in your blood which will weaken the red cells in the baby's circulation."

"Why didn't this happen with the first child?"

"Because it takes one or more pregnancies to develop in your blood sufficient anti-substance to cause symptoms in the baby."

"Is there any way you can test my blood to make sure?" she asked.

"I'll test your husband's as well as your own."

The tests showed that Mr. Keyman was Rh positive and Mrs. Keyman Rh negative. As both of them were O group, the child could not be anything but an O group, too.

"When your baby is born I'll have a flask of O group, Rh negative blood ready at the hospital, and give a transfusion to the baby. By correcting the anaemia early the child will have a much better chance."

"Could my husband or I give the blood?" she asked.

"The weakening of the baby's blood is due to the mixture of two things. One is the Rh factor which the baby inherits from the father. The other is the Rh anti-substance which has been developed in your blood. When these two come together the blood is weakened."

"Your husband has one of these and you have the other, so neither of you can give blood to the baby."

"And do all marriages between Rh positive husbands and Rh negative wives result in anaemic babies?"

"Only a very small proportion. The reason for this is not known. The presence of the Rh factor and its anti-substance in the mother is only suspected when the second or later child is anaemic or badly jaundiced."

"Why did my second baby have jaundice?" she asked.

"All babies have a slight jaundice on the third day after birth, but if the jaundice is severe it is usually due to the breakdown of the baby's blood cells."

"Well, I'm glad to know there's an explanation and a cure," said Mrs. Keyman.



## Her Health is Her Future

Forming regular habits early is one of the best safeguards for your children's future health. Nyal Figen will prevent and correct constipation in children. Figen is mild yet thorough in its action. No pain or discomfort. Figen is an ideal laxative for every member of the family. Use Figen for the children—use it yourself. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets—1/3.

## Nyal Figen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

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as your lot in life. No one need suffer discomfort and distress when prompt relief can be had from Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. When you feel an attack is imminent just inhale a few whiffs of the rich aromatic smoke of ASTHMADOR—breathing is easier at once. The air passages are cleared, there is no more discomfort. You can breathe! Sufferers have relied on Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR for 17 years. To-day modern laboratory conditions are used to blend the finest quality herbs according to the original formula. ASTHMADOR is easy to get from any chemist.

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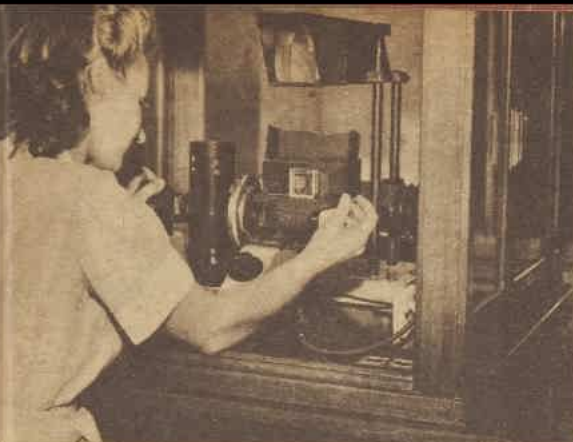
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gives you confidence and natural charm

Staisweet

The Deodorant Cream You can trust!





FLUORIMETER MACHINE testing vitamin B content of stabilised wheat germ in an Australian flour mill. This machine was imported from England at a cost of £500.

FARINOGRAPH testing the strength and baking quality of flour in an Australian mill. Flour highly suitable for bread is quite unsuitable for cakes, scones, or biscuits, so a different strength of flour is milled for various purposes.

## YOUR FOOD . . .

Tested by machine  
for nutrition

By an official of the Food Technology Association.

THE average housewife when she opens a tin or prepares dehydrated food still has a nagging sort of feeling that she is giving her family something to appease their hunger; but not necessarily something to build their health. But her fears are groundless.

In a modern, scientifically controlled food-processing factory the loss of protein or body-building content is nil.

In fact, the housewife herself often does more harm in the kitchen by handling foods the wrong way than occurs where science rules.

Most housewives are sufficiently vitamin-conscious these days to know that vegetables should be steamed or else boiled in as little water as possible; but even if they follow these methods they still lose more vitamin content than when food is scientifically canned.

Reason is that cooking of canned food occurs after the cans are sealed, and vitamins can no longer escape.

World food shortage caused by the war has made the question of nutrition of utmost importance, and scientists have waged an unceasing battle of their own to find ways of preserving nourishment in food, while giving it keeping quality.

One of the important scientific contributions to this war on the food front was the fluorimeter, an apparatus used to measure the vitamin content in foods. This machine tests anything from wheat to baby foods.

To make tests the vitamin B1 and B2 solution is removed from the food and treated with chemicals, which throw off fluorescent light.

The amount of light determines the vitamin content.

A slight alteration makes it possible to test for vitamin A and C, by the same method.

This machine is of special value in making tests on all cereals to establish their vitamin content.

Scientists work continually on the problem of removing from them digestive chemicals called enzymes, implanted by nature in all food, which in a very short time cause rancidity.



The difficulty is to remove the enzymes without also removing vitamins. Enzymes can be controlled by either mild heat or the removal of water content until it is only four per cent.

In the milling of wheat and other cereals the germ containing enzymes is removed. Unfortunately it also contains the highest vitamin B1 content of the grain, but science has now perfected a process whereby the enzymes can be destroyed and the vitamin retained.

This stabilised germ of wheat can be used as an addition to bread, sprinkled on porridge or bread and butter.

Canning is no longer the haphazard affair it used to be.

In the last five or six years scientists have brought the process to a high pitch of efficiency.

No longer are vegetables or fruits of varying maturity all canned together.

Scientific tests are made to ensure that only food of perfect maturity is used.

This question of maturity is supremely important because the highest vitamin content exists at the perfect stage of maturity.

It is impossible for the housewife to make the necessary tests to assess maturity.

In modern scientifically controlled factories this is done by using a brine prepared under constant chemical supervision.

When vegetables, such as peas, are floated in this brine, only those at perfect maturity will float, and only those are used for canning.

As a direct result of the Army's wartime requirements, local dehydration technique was improved by better control of temperature and the realisation that only perfect raw materials were suitable.

A far greater volume of warm air is now passed over food, and this means that the original flavor is kept. Eggs and milk dehydrated in this way are indistinguishable from the natural products.

The Food Technology Association has been formed by leading local food manufacturers to improve the standard of Australian foods, particularly in regard to their nutritional value.



**GLO-RUE**  
FOR HEAD & CHEST COLDS

HOW TO GET THE MAXIMUM FROM YOUR  
"FIREFLY" GASLIGHTER

REPLACING FLINT  
SCREW  
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FLINT-PRO  
FLINT

### DIRECTIONS:

1. Keep away from steamy atmosphere.
2. Keep ratchet wheel free from fat.
3. If Trigger action stiffens, use one drop of oil.
4. Remove flint pod before renewing flint.
5. Tighten screw occasionally to keep spring pressure on flint.

A GUARANTEED POPE PRODUCT  
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achieved even in the home of modest dimensions.

On this page, the manufacturers of Masonite offer suggestions for which the “wonder boards of 1,000 uses” are the perfect medium. Steel strong, satin-smooth, grainless Masonite... easily worked with ordinary tools... “finishable” in any colour scheme... plays a major role in the interior design of every truly modern home... solves a host of problems... meets a hundred needs.

### MASONITE APOLOGISES

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## For privacy and quiet...

Here, with the aid of a sliding door track recessed into the ceiling, Masonite panels, in concertina or sliding door form, enable the whole of the area to be thrown open for dancing or entertainment or, when desired, the doors can be closed for privacy.

## TEMPERED PRESWOOD PRESWOOD

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## For writing and reading...



Most living rooms have an odd corner where this attractive and certainly most useful writing and reading area will fit. Made of Masonite Preswood with Tempered Preswood top to the table, it is a job not beyond the capacity of any handyman.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — June 29, 1946

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